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NAOMI MITCHISON: The Writer and the Child

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The New Order in Moscow

WE can safely predict that the reaction of the Western Governments to the news from Moscow will be "wait and see." Apart from Dr. Adenauer, who revealed his gloating exaltation in an unguarded speech at Frankfurt, the leaders of the democracies have displayed a shocked but inactive reticence in the face of Mr. Malenkov's resignation. Procrastination is still the order of the day. Three months after the death of Stalin, Sir Winston proposed that the peace overtures of the new men in the Kremlin should be discussed in high level talks. For 18 months that urgent proposal has been discussed, re-discussed and postponed—until it is too late.

If, as seems probable, Mr. Malenkov did really stand for an easing of the consumers' lot inside Russia, and a more forthcoming attitude in external affairs, he has paid the price of his optimism. He had heard his pleas for peaceful co-existence contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Dulles as a surrender to the increasing strength of the West, and he has had to watch—in Germany as well as in Formosa—an American policy at work which must have seemed to anyone in Russia an unanswerable proof that any softness on the part of the Kremlin only increases the appetite and raises the demands of the Western Powers. Failures on the agricultural front may be the official Soviet explanation of the fall of Mr. Malenkov's star and the rise of Mr. Krushchev's; but those who study carefully the text of Mr. Molotov's speech last Tuesday—delivered after the change of premiership had taken place—can scarcely doubt that the failure of the Malenkov peace offensive was a vital factor in this shift of internal power. In 1948 the sudden resignation of Mr. Litvinov was the signal for a switch by the Kremlin from a soft to a hard line. In 1955 the ominous signal has been hoisted once again. To disregard it is to court the ultimate catastrophe.

Yet all the indications are that it will be disregarded not only by the United States, but by Britain as well. The two communiqués issued by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers manage to include every one of the propaganda clichés of Western statesmanship. "Great progress has already been made," we are solemnly told, "in building up the defensive shield provided by the forces of Nato, and the Commonwealth representatives welcomed the steps which are being taken to increase the strength of those forces by a military contribution from Western Germany." Furthermore, "they agreed that the overwhelming superiority of the Western Powers in nuclear weapons offers, at the present time, the most effective and practical assurance that world peace will not be disturbed." To proclaim these quarter truths is merely to throw dust in our own eyes. Four years after rearmament began, Western Europe faces the certainty of annihilation in the first thirty hours of any war—and the twelve German divisions have become a military irrelevancy. As for the "overwhelming superiority in nuclear weapons," this is, to say the least of it, transitory, and already it is clear that the Western Powers cannot use it without committing national suicide.

What the Commonwealth Prime Ministers blindly refuse to face is that the central premise of our diplomacy has collapsed. That premise laid it down that we could negotiate terms of co-existence only *after* we had altered the balance of power in favour of the West. But the needle has swung violently against us in Asia. As for Europe, despite all our efforts, the relative strength of Nato and the Eastern Bloc have not been decisively altered and Mr. Molotov has made it clear that the integration of a German army into Nato will be counterbalanced by parallel measures in Eastern Europe. "Negotiation from strength" is a mirage. We stumble towards it, but always it shimmers just ahead of us, inviting new efforts which only sap our strength. And meanwhile, the Communist Bloc pursues its realistic, relentless purpose, harshly expanding its vast resources of man-power and machinery in order to achieve the industrial strength which, within a decade, will make it virtually

impregnable. In this perspective, the shift of personalities in the Communist hierarchy can be seen in proportion. To a Western statesman who recognised that time was against him in the cold war, they would be of life and death importance: to a Communist world, convinced that if a general war can be avoided, victory is certain, they matter a good deal less. In response to Western complaints of Stalin's toughness, Mr. Malenkov was obligingly selected to "play it soft." When no response was forthcoming, both the tune and the piper have been abruptly changed.

Japan and the Moscow-Pekin Axis

Overshadowed in the press by Formosan news, an event of significance occurred last week-end in Tokyo: the Japanese Government announced that it had expressed to Moscow its willingness to discuss "normalisation of relations." That is, Japan accepted the invitation to this effect which Mr. Molotov extended to her last September, and which was repeated, a month later, by Mr. Chou En-lai. This change of policy—symptomatic of the swing of Asian opinion and sentiment away from the United States—has clearly been dictated in Japan by economic considerations. All that the late Premier, Mr. Yoshida, secured materially out of his visit to Washington last autumn was U.S. agreement to sell Japan $100m. worth of agricultural surplus. No longer enjoying the stream of dollars which flowed to her through American military procurement during the Korean war, Japan was faced with the stark fact that her economy could be sustained only by developing markets for export in China and the U.S.S.R. If Japan now goes on to decide that she can no longer afford the restrictions on her foreign trade which U.S. "cold war" policy has imposed, she will doubtless forfeit future American aid; but, with no compensating outlet for her exports in the U.S., the loss of pre-war trade with China has already put Japan's balance of foreign payments in a precarious situation. It is hardly surprising that the Japanese Government should now apparently have decided that Japan's economic destiny lies in Asia.

U.S. Winner in the Middle East

Now that the dust has begun to settle, it is clear that the State Department has won its second major victory in the Middle East—against Great Britain. Having "settled" the Persian problem to their satisfaction, the Americans have pulled Iraq out of the Arab League, and tied it into their new group of military satellites, which now includes Greece, Turkey, Persia and Pakistan as well. The ambition of Washington is, first, to create a ring of air bases threatening Baku and Transcaspian Russia, and, secondly, to contain the spread of Communism in these predominantly Moslem countries by committing their Governments to so much military assistance that they will not, for economic reasons, be able to break away. To achieve this goal, two things were necessary. First, the Egyptian claim to leadership of the Arab States must be broken, since Colonel Nasser obstinately refuses to accept military assistance with political strings. Secondly, the last remnant of British influence in the area must be destroyed. By persuading Nuri to break away from the League in defiance of Colonel Nasser's open, and Britain's tacit, dissuasions, both these objectives seem to have been temporarily achieved. It is now clear to every politician in the Middle East that the vacuum created by the withdrawal of the Sudan and Suez will be filled, not by an independent Arab policy, encouraged and assisted from London, as the British hoped, but by an open assertion of American power. In 1945, Britain relegated France to the back seat. Now we are sitting alongside France, and the United States has the steering wheel firmly in its hands.

B.E.A. and Mr. Peters

Events have made the behaviour of B.E.A. over the dismissal of Mr. Peters look almost incredibly silly. This journal has always taken the view that the original dismissal of the 315 maintenance engineers was a justifiable, if hazardous, move. Once, however, the assertion of managerial discipline had been made, it became imperative to restore good relations. Hence, the reinstatement, clumsily though it was handled, of all the men who applied for re-engagement with the unique exception of Mr. Peters. To refuse reinstatement to him only was, as we observed on a previous occasion, disastrously bad tactics—even if one were to accept B.E.A.'s case that Mr. Peters is no more than a trouble-maker. But the story of his appeals against this decision shows how incompetently B.E.A. have muddled themselves from a fairly strong position into a hopelessly weak one. First, Mr. Peters has to go through the motions of a series of senseless appeals at different levels to the management which has already judged his case and made its judgment known. At last, he reaches the chairman: and Lord Douglas, properly appreciating the importance of an appearance of justice, appoints an independent tribunal to advise him. The tribunal, while endorsing the legitimacy of the original dismissals, strongly recommends the re-engagement of Mr. Peters as an act of grace in the interest of good relations. Lord Douglas's answer is immediately to confirm the dismissal. Strike action—so far only in token form—is threatened for next week; and if more serious trouble develops, Lord Douglas and his colleagues have only themselves to blame.

Evictions in Johannesburg

The Government scheme to evict 70,000 inhabitants from Sophiatown and district began suddenly on Wednesday morning, three days before schedule. There is little doubt that materially many victims stand to gain better houses and social amenities in the new site at Meadowlands, even though these are largely offset by longer distances travelling to work. In spite of this temptation, particularly for the women, strong resistance is being organised and tension is at flash-point. Stores of arms have been accumulated, many of them bought from the police. The African National Congress is canvassing the area, whilst truck-loads of armed police patrol the roads and sermons and prayers are heard in Mission churches. An appeal has been made to the courts, but the A.N.C. leaders, who have now gone underground, are basing their tactics on another attempt to organise an unofficial strike. In 1950, and again in 1951, efforts were made to organise what was in fact a one-day national strike, held under the title of a Day of Mourning. This time it is to be a Day of Prayer. The objects are both to empty the factories and to stage sit-down resistance to eviction. The Government sought to forestall this plan by starting the evictions early and banning all meetings, but the A.N.C. retaliated by organising a "midnight flit." All the elements are thus present for a full-scale battle between the African community and the Government.

ROME

Togliatti's New Line

A Correspondent in Italy writes: The basic policy of the Italian Communist Party was expressed by Togliatti during its recent National Conference, when he said: "Our tactics aim at the transformation of political power in Italy, with the participation of the masses, in the *least painful* manner possible." This is the essence of the new Communist line. Togliatti, to be sure, wants a revolution as much as any other Italian Communist. But his strategy is in advance of that of some of his colleagues. It is a far-reaching strategy of gaining power over a considerable period of time, of gradual penetration into all spheres of Italian society, of making alliances with anybody who will support even a part of the Communist programme. This is the strategy which Togliatti persuaded the whole of the Party to accept at the National Conference.

Togliatti has hopes of winning, together with Nenni, the next Italian general elections—due in 1958, unless the unstable political situation precipitates them. In the opinion of the P.C.I. leaders, it will be sufficient to "move slightly to the Left" one or two categories of the lower-middle-class. The logical consequence of the Togliatti line would be to continue with the same form of long-term strategy, even if the Left Bloc loses the next elections, unless the difference in votes were so small as to bring about a revolutionary situation in the country. The secret of the tactics of the P.C.I. is that the Party conducts itself as if it were already in power. There is an intelligent policy for each specific problem, particularly in agriculture. The object is to have these measures passed, if necessary by a Christian Democrat Government, at the same time reminding the masses who was the promoter in the first place.

The P.C.I. is now a permanent, decisive force in Italian politics, and it would be foolish to think otherwise. The Scelba anti-Communist measures, in the opinion of both Communists and non-Communists, were meant more for American consumption than for internal execution. Scelba's threat to dismiss Communists from Government departments is not being carried out, and the great Italian monopolists are asking to enlarge their trade with the East rather than curtail it. The strength of the P.C.I., with its two million members, lies also in the inherent weakness of the contemporary social and political structure in Italy. The present Italian Government may not have a very long life. Saragat and his Social Democrats refuse to accept Scelba's protection of the big landowners, and are agitating for radical land reform. The most important indication for the future will be the Sicilian regional elections to be held in the Spring. Saragat is rumoured to be negotiating with Nenni to form

a united Saragat-Nenni list in Sicily. This would open the way for the long-discussed "Socialist alternatives" in Italy and might put an end to that type of Government which is continually torn to pieces by Left and Right.

SINAI DESERT

Water from the Nile

A Correspondent in the Middle East writes: Plans to bring waters of the River Nile to the Sinai Desert through a tunnel underneath the Suez Canal are now nearing their final stages. The project is intended to irrigate and make fertile some 50,000 acres of desert area to provide employment for Palestine refugees who have spent seven idle and frustrating years in refugee camps in Gaza. For the past nine months irrigation and agricultural experts, soil specialists and engineers have been completing surveys for the development of this area under a joint Committee appointed by the Egyptian Government and the United Nations Relief and Works Agency.

The Sinai scheme is not beset by the same political complications as the Jordan Yarmouk Valley development—the only other major refugee rehabilitation project which has so far been proposed by UNRWA. For completion of the Jordan Yarmouk scheme involves the participation of both Israel and the Arab States. The Sinai, on the other hand, lies entirely within Egyptian territory. The Sinai scheme is also in a more advanced stage of planning. Egypt's willingness to provide land and water—although she is short of both—to benefit the Palestine Arabs is an encouraging gesture. In this she has shown a greater concern for the refugees, of whom about a quarter live in Gaza under Egyptian administration, than some of her neighbours. In October, 1953, the Egyptian Government signed an agreement with UNRWA to participate jointly in all phases of planning and administration of the Sinai project. Provided the final draft plan is agreed to by both sides a large proportion of the finances for the scheme will be drawn from a $200-million UNRWA Fund.

The area for development is situated on the Isthmus of Suez in the north-west of Sinai, east of the Suez Canal and adjacent to it. At present this barren sandy country is, except for one small town, inhabited only by Bedouins. This type of land, when once irrigated, has already proved in other parts of Egypt to be suitable for mixed farming. It can produce vegetables and forage crops as well as supporting live stock and dairy farming. Initial estimates put the cost of the Sinai project at about $30 million. It is believed that the area could eventually support more than 50,000 refugees on the land as well as a large number of others employed in commerce and industry connected with agriculture.

The final plan will envisage the enlargement of the Ismalia Canal to carry the increased flow of Nile water. It also calls for the construction of a converted siphon of more than 1,200 feet long beneath the Suez Canal. To construct this siphon, without interfering with the operation of the Suez Canal, should provide an interesting and unusual engineering problem. Drainage, irrigation, housing, the setting up of community services, soil reclamation and health problems are all factors being taken into consideration in the drawing up of the final plan for the Sinai project. It was, however, pointed out in last year's UNRWA annual report that the completion of both the Sinai and Jordan Yarmouk projects would provide a living for only some 150,000 to 200,000 refugees; while there are today almost 900,000 refugees still drawing UNRWA rations and their birthrate is high.

WESTMINSTER

Pursuit of Eden

Sometimes Parliamentary life has all the qualities of a nightmare. It is like one of those dreams in which one valiantly pursues something which, in the half-world of sleep, seems tremendously important. But the feet remain leaden and will not move. For the past two weeks the Opposition has been pursuing the question of Formosa. But the whole formal and cumbersome panoply of Parliamentary debate, bewigged Speaker, Serjeant-at-Arms with Mace, thin benches and crowded galleries, has been bogged down dreamily, discussing the Cocos Islands, the state of the railways, the salary and expense account of the Governor of Northern Ireland. The vital issue of immediate politics has been glimpsed but not approached.

The glimpse came at Question Time on Monday. The purpose of the Opposition, front bench, back bench, official leadership, dissident groups and miscellaneous factions was to pin down the Foreign Secretary. The House tried to extract from him a categorical assertion that Quemoy and Matsu should be evacuated as well as the Tachens, and that Formosa should be neutralised. The purpose of Sir Anthony Eden was to avoid any such statement. In answer to a question by Manny Shinwell some days previously, Eden had affirmed that Quemoy and Matsu were Chinese. Then surely, suggested John Strachey, the Nationalists are the aggressors in refusing to evacuate territory recognised by Britain as belonging to the Chinese Government. Eden dodged this as a quibble based upon legal definitions; on the political side he had nothing to say. What are the intentions of the United States towards Quemoy and Matsu? asked Arthur Henderson. Eden had "no further statement to make." Would it not help, asked Hugh Gaitskell, if the United States were to state that they did not intend to hang on to Quemoy and Matsu? Said Eden, other considerations must be borne in mind . . . the House must have confidence . . . doing all in our power. He was pressed again by Kenneth Younger. He snapped at Aneurin Bevan, who had said "Oh!" He asked, petulantly, if it would help if Britain were to take a view different from the United States. Why not? shouted the Labour benches. Is not the refuelling of Nationalist ships at Hong Kong a provocation to the Chinese Government? asked Aneurin Bevan. "Traitor," yelled some Tory, for no particular reason that anybody could discern.

And so the interrogation proceeded. Eden's veneer of placid charm wears a little thin nowadays on these occasions. He is apt suddenly to turn querulous, like a Sunday school teacher whose patience has been tried too far. He even slaps pettishly at the Despatch Box. And when Labour Members gently chide him, saying "Steady, there," or "Now, now—temper!" he remembers his manners, grins a toothy grin and looks rather sheepish. Anthony, one feels, was well brought up. But there was substance to his rather plaintive plea that diplomacy should be allowed to do its work. Since Geneva and the success achieved there by the whispered word in the receptive ear, diplomacy by megaphone is perhaps at a discount. This is all very well provided that the other parties to secret diplomacy are thoroughly aware of the real feeling behind the formal approaches. Labour's unanimous stand on Monday will have helped to ensure this. It is hoped that Eden will be prepared to say in code to Washington what he was not prepared to say in clear to the House of Commons.

And now Malenkov! As one Member said ruefully, here's the House of Commons enduring two all-night sittings on the redistribution of seats while the Supreme Soviet does the job in four minutes dead—and in unanimity.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Formosa—The Next Step

EVEN if the changes of leadership in Moscow prove to involve a toughening generally of the U.S.S.R.'s foreign policy, there is no reason to conclude that the Soviet Union is any less keenly aware of the dangers inherent in full-scale war in the Far East, or that Moscow will not move in the last resort to prevent the situation between the United States and China getting out of hand. In his speech on Tuesday to the Supreme Soviet, Mr. Molotov spoke in harsh terms of American "imperialist aggression" in Formosa; but the flattering emphasis which he laid on the part which might be played by India as "an important new sister in the strengthening of peace" suggests that he is still placing hopes on the possibilities of mediation.

If the Tachen evacuation—followed, as seems planned, by that of the islands of Yushan and Peishan—is completed without interference from the forces of the People's Republic, there may be a breathing space for diplomacy, particularly since the Communists would need time to mount any sea-borne expedition across the Straits. Accordingly, there is force in Sir Anthony Eden's plea that he should be given an opportunity to negotiate without having to announce to the world the contents of every message which he sends to the Powers concerned. On the other hand, diplomatic approaches are unlikely to be effective unless they are based on a clear conception of firm policy; and the pressure which, as our Parliamentary Correspondent reports above, was brought to bear on the Foreign Secretary by Labour Members on Monday, was fully justified. Until Chiang Kai-shek's provocative occupation of Quemoy and Matsu is ended, diplomacy is frustrate in advance.

With the Straits sterilised, as a beginning, by a complete evacuation of the Chinese offshore islands and the cessation of raids on the mainland by Chiang's air force, it should not be impossible to organise a conference on the Formosan issue. Reports from Paris, indeed, are that a meeting of the Powers on the lines of that which settled the Indo-China question at Geneva, has already been proposed by Moscow. However that may be, since the United Nations, with China excluded, is not an effective mechanism of negotiation, Sir Anthony's plain duty should surely be to work for an *ad hoc* conference, in which the five obvious participants would be the U.S., the People's Republic of China, the U.S.S.R., Britain and India.

The first task at such a meeting would be to secure agreement on a simple reaffirmation of the declaration at Cairo and Potsdam that

Formosa is an integral part of China. Otherwise, indeed, the remnant of the Kuomintang would have no juridical title to have possession of the island at all; and it is significant that in the new Mutual Defence Pact with Chiang the U.S. recognises his Government's jurisdiction in Formosa as that of the "Republic of China."

The jurisdictional ground thus cleared, Britain and India could reasonably put it to the People's Republic that, in the circumstances created by the aftermath of the Chinese civil war, time must be allowed for re-integrating the island in China. Since there could be no ambiguity as to the final result, and no room left for suspicion on China's part that the U.S. intended to annexe Formosa as a naked act of power politics, and convert the island into a permanent American base—an attitude voiced unhappily in recent Senate debates—Chou En-lai might well be persuaded that, compared with atomic war, there is virtue in patience.

In realistic terms, the gradual reintegration of Formosa with China might usefully be discussed in three stages. The first would concern the demilitarisation of the island under international supervision and the withdrawal into enforced exile of Chiang and those of his high-ranking officers and officials whom the Communist Chinese would regard as war criminals. No serious problems of transport or asylum would arise: only very limited numbers would be involved. With the Kuomintang excluded from any part of Chinese territory—and that, but for U.S. intervention, would long since have been the result of the Chinese Revolution—there would no longer be any logical reason for denying to Communist China the membership of the United Nations accorded without question to Communist Russia. All that would remain for settlement would be the date and details of the transfer of the administration of Formosa to Peking. However much the West may strive to create the idea of a permanently "independent" Formosa, the final result—short of a war which would destroy civilisation—is bound to be incorporation in China.

What Follows Mr. France?

LAST Friday evening the Palais Bourbon was in festive mood. The Assembly was engaged in its most characteristic activity—the overthrow of a Government. The lobbies, of course, were crowded. But the presence of one elderly gentleman had a particular significance. Senator René Laniel, the brother of France's nineteenth post-war Premier, had not visited the Assembly since last June—since the day, to be exact, when the police inconsiderately interrupted his journey to Venezuela. The scandal, involving a "contract" for over £8 million, had darkened the last days of the Laniel Government; not even the frenzied efforts of the Premier himself had been able to stifle it completely. Since the advent of Mendès-France the Senator had lived quietly in political retirement while his various companies were being wound up. His return to public life, therefore, showed an almost theatrical sense of timing. Indeed, one Socialist deputy, on catching sight of the Senator's bulky figure, exclaimed "*C'est un symbole!*" Six hours later Mendès-France fell.

The steps which led to Mendès-France's downfall are easy to trace; they conform perfectly to the nightmare logic of the Fourth Republic. The forces which swept him into power were mainly emotional—horror at the disaster of Dien Bien Phu, fear that Geneva would end in breakdown. With the end of the Indo-China war these forces rapidly lost their momentum. From July on, Mendès-France was obliged to face political realities. He was faced with the problem of forcing a progressive policy through a predominantly reactionary Assembly; inevitably, despite his majestic political skill, he failed to solve it. The first stage on the road to disaster came at the end of August. By allowing E.D.C. to founder he permanently alienated the M.R.P., the one party whose support might have made a Left-Centre policy possible; and, despite his repeated efforts to lay the foundations of a more realistic "European" policy, he was never able to erase the bitter memories of August 30.

The next stage came in September. When, under British and American pressure, he produced an alternative solution to the problem of German rearmament, he strengthened the Opposition still further. By supporting Germany's admission to Nato, he drew upon himself the irrevocable hostility of the Communists and weakened the enthusiasm of some of his closest friends. More serious still, he undermined his popularity in the country as a whole, thus encouraging his parliamentary enemies in the belief that they could now overthrow him with impunity. Hence, by October, when he made his first frontal assault on France's feudal economic system by attacking the alcohol interests, his political impetus had spent itself, and the Opposition were ready to go over to the offensive. On December 3, when the leakage of national defence secrets was debated, the Government majority dropped to 37. Three days later the Right-wing groups in the Assembly met in joint congress and drew up a deliberate plan for the Premier's downfall; under the threat of direct attack, the instinctive unity of the Right had reasserted itself. Until then Mendès-France had regularly received some 50 Right-wing votes, which gave him a comfortable margin; but from December 6 onwards the only Right-wing Deputies who continued to support him were Cabinet Ministers.

Thus, by the beginning of 1955, when the Paris Agreements had been disposed of and Mendès-France was at last in a position to embark on a progressive economic programme, he was already walking the parliamentary tight-rope. The balance of power in the Assembly was now in the hands of a group of 20 Right-wing Radical Deputies, led by M. René Mayer. They were prepared to vote the party ticket and support Mendès-France, except on North African issues, where their personal and family interests were involved. Until recently they had supported the Government even over North Africa: they had accepted the July 31 proposal for a new Tunisian constitution on the assumption that the activities of the *fellaghas* would effectively prevent its signature. But the mass surrender of the *fellaghas* which the Government succeeded in obtaining on November 22 made the eventual success of the negotiations inevitable; and, indeed, the final conventions were about to be signed last week.

Meanwhile, the Government had launched another damaging assault on the North African lobby. On January 6 the Algerian police force was placed under the direct supervision of the Ministry of the Interior. This weakened the lobby's grip on the administrative machinery and threatened defeat for several of its candidates in marginal constituencies. The lobby was already deeply concerned by the turn of events in Algeria: François Mauriac's revelations about the use of torture on Nationalist prisoners were not only stirring up widespread feeling in France, but had also led the Bishop of Algiers to launch a campaign against the police in his diocese. Finally, on January 25, Mendès-France took a step which amounted to a deliberate declaration of war: he appointed M. Jacques Soustelle, a confirmed anti-colonialist, to the Governor-Generalship of Algeria. From then on it was certain that the Mayer Radicals would vote against the Government.

Did Mendès-France deliberately court defeat over North Africa? No. The evidence shows that he did everything to prevent it. From the beginning of December onwards, his advisers had been urging him to accept defeat on a popular social issue and return to the Opposition. He rejected their advice. The terrible memory of Indo-China, and of the long years of blindness and stupidity which led to final disaster, made him determined at all costs to ensure that the same pattern was not repeated in North Africa. He insisted that some solution to the North African problem should be found while he was still in office—and while the problem was still soluble. The reorganisation of the economy, he argued, could wait a few months, even years; but something had to be done in Africa immediately, before the Arabs finally lost confidence in French good faith. His strategy was therefore to complete the Tunisian negotiations and inaugurate some basic administrative reforms in Algeria. Only after this had been done was he prepared to introduce a programme of economic reforms and allow his Government to fall. Hence, to avoid defeat on North Africa, he used every means at his disposal—even buying off hostile Deputies with Government portfolios. And, right until the final hours of the debate, he was convinced that the Government would survive. He believed that the M.R.P., a party which, in congress after congress, has committed itself to progressive policies in North Africa, would not, in the last resort, deliberately destroy the first Government to put them into practice.

Here he miscalculated. Personal bitterness, pathological ambition and burning thirst for office proved too much for the M.R.P. leaders. The defection of the Mayer Radicals had given them their first glimpse of the light at the end of the long tunnel of Opposition, and the sight blinded them to whatever sense of political responsibility they might have possessed. When the Party met, late on Friday night, its deliberations were dominated by one solitary consideration: if this opportunity were allowed to slip, Mendès-France might remain in office for months to come—might even, in fact, force through the electoral reform which would destroy them as a great party. M. Teitgen, perspiring freely, his face red with passion, voiced the general sentiment: *C'est ce soir ou jamais!*

And so, the disaster of Mendès-France's downfall became the occasion of another—and perhaps irrevocable—catastrophe. The 30 million Arabs of French North Africa were formally and deliberately told that, wherever else they might look for guarantees of their future independence, it must not be to the French Assembly. M. Rene Mayer, the dominant figure in the debate, was brutally frank:

> The secretary of the Arab League tells us that France must adapt itself to the modern world. If by "adapt ourselves" he means that France must

pursue the policy of weakness which led to the evacuation of Vietnam and our establishments in India, my answer is an emphatic "No" . . . We must oppose with intransigeance any policy likely to lead to concessions."

Two-thirds of the Deputies greeted this statement with enthusiastic applause. And when, a few minutes later, a Mahommedan Deputy rose to protest against the use of torture in Algeria, most of the Deputies left the Chamber. In disgust or in boredom? It is impossible to tell. But their response left no room for doubt when Mendès-France made his final appeal: "There are only two policies possible in North Africa—a policy of understanding, confidence, progress and reform, or a policy of repression and force." By a majority of 46 the Assembly made it unmistakably clear which it had chosen.

Must the Indo-China tragedy be re-enacted in North Africa? Already, the next day, alongside the headlines announcing the fall of the Government, there appeared a grim hint of things to come: *Fresh Outbreak of Terrorism in Casablanca—Five Killed.* Mendès-France was probably the last French Premier to win the confidence of the Arab Nationalists. He may well return to power; he may even find himself with a genuine majority after the 1956 elections. But by then, perhaps, it will be too late: by that time France may well be negotiating, not for a constitution, but for an armistice. The unpardonable irresponsibility of the Assembly, appropriately crowned by the display of hooliganism at the end of the debate, lends a painful validity to Simone de Beauvoir's words in "Les Mandarins": *La gauche a perdu sa chaleur, la droite n'a rien appris.*

PAUL JOHNSON

Hard Facts for Home-Rulers

WHAT has happened to the Scottish home-rule agitation which a few years ago claimed two million signatures to its Covenant, provoked young Scots to romantic Stevensonian exploits with the Stone of Destiny, and compelled finally the setting-up of a Royal Commission on Scottish government? An opportunity to take stock occurred last week when the report of the Balfour Commission was discussed in the House of Commons. A few years ago a minor back-bencher's adjournment debate on the same subject caused a tremendous popular clamour which rocked the Labour Government. This time a full-dress front-bench affair was reported with a polite yawn by most of the Scottish newspapers; they reserved their really excited headlines for a two-minute announcement the next day that the Government intended to lay a tube for motor vehicles across the Firth of Forth.

Why the change? Although the main core of the Covenanters are convinced home-rulers, many of their supporters and some of the press have discovered, now that the Tories are in office, that when they felt anti-London they were merely being anti-Labour. Again, the Balfour Report is both a dull and disillusioning document. It emphasises that Scotland is contributing less than her share of United Kingdom revenue on a population basis, and receiving more than her share of domestic expenditure. It thus removes one of the home-rulers' grievances, without producing any convincing evidence that the union is dealing adequately with Scotland's special economic problems.

The report underlines the reality of the intense national consciousness in Scotland that is so puzzling to the Englishman who becomes aware of his nationalism at Boulogne but not at Berwick. (I find England full of Caledonian Societies, but I have never heard of an Anglo-Saxon Association in Scotland.) The Commission makes only inconsiderable recommendations, and its report is, in general, a sterile apologia for the *status quo*, in the grand tradition of Royal Commissions set up to prevent change.

The stir over the Forth crossing, like the Scottish T.U.C.'s demand to the Commission for a permanent Scottish Economic Conference, shows that Scottish people instinctively judge their position within the United Kingdom by the economic justice they receive. And they are right, for Scotland's problems are at bottom those of a changing capitalism rather than of an oppressed nationalism. Scotland's unemployment figures, for instance, are a continuous cause of resentment. In the post-war years they have varied between twice and three times the English percentage. But Ulster, with the kind of limited home-rule which the Covenanters seek, has more than twice Scotland's workless, while various parts of England and Wales have figures much above the average. The inescapable conclusion is that Scotland has suffered only secondarily from the political system under which she is ruled, and primarily from the successive evils of capitalist *laissez-faire* and rationalisation.

As a consequence of this uneven industrial development in the years before Governments dreamed of interfering in economic affairs, Scotland's infant mortality and TB figures lag behind those for England and Wales. The 1951 census shows that 30 per cent. of Scottish homes still have two rooms or less, compared with 4 per cent. in England and Wales; and 15.5 per cent. of Scots live more than two to a room, while only 2.1 per cent. in the South endure similar conditions. All these things, which greatly intensify Scottish feeling, arise paradoxically from the fact that she is economically bound to England. The union of the Scottish and English Parliaments in 1707 immediately preceded the industrial revolution, so the Lowlands of Scotland, and the Midlands of England and South Wales became inextricably scrambled together. England too often fails to realise that Britain is, therefore, an economic unity of separate nations. It is this tension between national feeling and economic compulsion which makes Scotland more sensitive and more articulate about the danger of over-centralisation than regions of England similarly placed.

Non-Socialist opinion in Scotland reacts to this by believing that Scotland's troubles come mainly from nationalisation and Government interference. In fact, the real choice lies between the irresponsible centralisation caused by Scottish business being absorbed into English concerns, and the economic planning under democratic control which for years has been so essential to Scotland. Scottish capital has increasingly come under the control of English capital. And English industrialists, thinking about opening a new factory, will not easily go to Greenock or to Dundee, unless their free choice is interfered with by the Government. Their executives will point out that the mass market is in the valley of the Thames, not the Clyde, and the executives' wives will add forcibly that they would much rather live in Surrey than in the suburbs of Glasgow.

In the sphere of administration, the Government has increased Scottish control of Scottish affairs in the bureaucratic sense, while actually decreasing it in the democratic and Parliamentary sense. The Scottish Secretary has been provided with extra assistants, and has had two more Departments, electricity and roads, added to his duties. He is now a greater Pooh-Bah than ever, with personal responsibility for seven Departments which in England have separate Ministers. This congests Scottish Parliamentary time still further, and reduces the opportunities for M.P.s to question administration. Greater economic freedom plus greater bureaucratic devolution is the Conservative recipe; but this has little to offer Scotland. What she needs is vigorous economic planning with resources being made available more on the basis of national need than at present. Added to this a continuous ingenuity is required in injecting popular control into the whole machinery of administration.

If the remoter and less populated parts of Britain are to prosper, social and human considerations will have to over-ride purely financial and economic ones. Private enterprise has no answer to this, unless within a framework of the kind of State planning of hydro-electricity or distribution of industry that has been going on. But neither is it certain that Socialism will provide the right answer. For instance, you cannot hold out much hope for the Highlands if decisions are to be taken mainly on the most efficient use of resources or on the counting of heads. On that basis the Highlands might as well become a National Park and their inhabitants emigrate to Birmingham or Slough. Only the widest possible spread of participation and awareness can prevent over-centralised decisions.

This involves giving local government—no doubt, after some reorganisation—a more active role to play. Neither electricity, gas, nor the health service necessarily became either more democratic or more Socialist by transferring them from municipal to national ownership. It involves the extensions of economic democracy amongst both consumers and workers in public industries. It also involves the question of legislative devolution, which was not seriously investigated by the present Commission. It would be worth experimenting with meetings in Edinburgh of the Scottish Standing Committee, which already has considerable powers of debate delegated to it at Westminster. The Commission rejects, rightly I think, the suggestion of an Ulster-type government. That would reduce Scotland to Northern Ireland's abjectly insignificant status at Westminster. A Scottish Parliament ought to be considered as part of the general question whether our parliamentary government would be more decisive and more democratic if it were organised on a federal basis. What is required to investigate this is not a Commission composed solely of Scotsmen, but a Speaker's conference representing the whole of Britain. The case for some English home-rule can be heard muttered in the Commons smoke-room any day Scottish business is filling the Floor. British Socialism may have cause to be grateful to Scottish national feeling if it can jog the United Kingdom as a whole into insisting on means by which planning can enrich rather than restrict democratic control.

GEORGE THOMSON

Next Week

"THE NEW DROLLS"

Priestley on the generation of comedians "made" by radio

ALSO

The Piltdown Forgery, reviewed by Francis Huxley

*** On p. 218 G. S. Fraser reviews Sir Reginald Coupland's WELSH AND SCOTTISH NATIONALISM.

London Diary

WHILE the rest of the world speculates on the significance of events in Moscow—and for that matter in Paris—the good old Parliamentary Labour Party allows no such transient distractions to divert the telescope from its customary blind eye. On Wednesday Mr. Bevan is reported to have suggested that in all the circumstances the Party would do well to put down a Commons motion on Germany. Why not reaffirm Mr. Attlee's words, spoken last November, which endorsed the doctrine of "parallelism" between ratification of the Paris Treaties and Four-Power talks on Germany? The acceptance of this harmless plan would have emphasised the Party's desire to discuss the German problem, without involving direct opposition to the Treaties. It would thus have shifted it from its present position a little nearer to the decisions of the Scarborough Conference. Mr. Attlee, who can scarcely have disagreed with the general proposition that his own words should be reaffirmed, could not, apparently, persuade his front-bench colleagues to agree. Twice recently, over Formosa and the H-bomb, he has managed to unify his Party by moving a little to the Left and gambling that the disapproval of the extreme Right would remain largely unspoken. On Germany, however, personal prestige has become too deeply involved for any concession to be made to Mr. Bevan. Indeed Wednesday's defeat of Mr. Bevan's proposal marked a positive retreat even from last November. Much has happened in the last few weeks: a Soviet Note conceding the principle of free elections in Germany, unexpectedly formidable German opposition to the Paris Treaties, the fall of Mendès-France and now of Malenkov. But none of this must be allowed to suggest that, conceivably, the Labour Party ought to think again about Germany. To concede a second thought might hint that Mr. Bevan had been right and Mr. Morrison wrong. And that, in turn, could hardly fail to raise doubts about the paramount doctrine of the infallibility of the platform.

* * *

An acquaintance, who is the president of a large youth club in a provincial town, tells me a story which affords me both amusement and, at the same time, a certain disquiet. At a recent meeting of the club, the speaker was the local Superintendent of police. During the questions which followed his talk, one of two youths seated at the back of the room, and dressed in full Edwardian regalia, stood up. "Me and my mate were standing talking at the corner of —— Street yesterday," he said, "when a copper come up and tell us to move on. We wasn't doing any harm. What right's he got to move us on?" "Well," replied the Superintendent, "without knowing all the facts, I can't say. You might have been loitering with intent to commit a felony. Or you might have been committing a nuisance. Or you might have been guilty of insulting behaviour. Or you might have been engaging in conduct likely to occasion a breach of the peace. Or you might have been obstructing a police officer in the execution of his duty. Or you might have been causing a plain obstruction. But the fact is that, whenever any of my men find you standing about in those clothes, they are going to move you on." Now it's easy to see what the Superintendent, who has, I am told, both a sense of humour and a heart of gold, was driving at—even to feel some sympathy with him. But I can't help wondering whether the tendency (which most of us have) to sneer at this pathetic means of showing off, is a very wise one. Here were two lads with sufficient sense of the community around them to attend a youth club and ask a pertinent question. They must have left feeling rebuffed by their community and confirmed in an incipient hostility to the police. Edwardian clothes, it is worth remembering, are socially undesirable only inasmuch as they are symptoms of an underlying insecurity. And the deeper-seated problems which a comic suit serves to cover up are not very likely to be cured by ridicule.

* * *

Noble (but platitudinous) sentiments about colonial independence and aid for the underdeveloped countries have become so much a part of the small change of Labour propaganda that they sometimes seem to serve as a means of evading the reality of issues nearer home. I am especially interested, therefore, to see the new discussion pamphlet *Facing Facts in the Colonies* issued last week by the Labour Party, price 6d. It is an honest, grown-up attempt to challenge its readers with the facts—the awkward, as well as the convenient ones—about Britain's colonial problems. It is in no way a statement of Party policy, and it does not set out to provide ready-made answers to all the problems it raises. Much of it, indeed, is difficult going—far more so than the average wartime A.B.C.A. publication—and its success as a discussion pamphlet in individual groups will depend a good deal on the presence of skilful discussion leaders. This, however, is a criticism on the right side: there have been too many meretricious speeches in recent years suggesting easy short cuts to colonial development. *Facing Facts* will doubtless be studied and argued about in local Labour parties. I hope it will also be carefully read by most Labour platform speakers before, in future, they trot out their routine "colonial" perorations.

* * *

As racial tension rises in Johannesburg, I make an entry in my diary for February 21. Central Hall, Westminster, at 7.30 p.m. There, at a meeting organised jointly by Christian Action and the Africa Bureau, the Bishop of Johannesburg, whose resolute opposition to the Bantu Education Act has been admirable, will be speaking on the current situation in South Africa. I also notice that the Africa Bureau is launching, over a most distinguished list of signatures, a new appeal for funds "addressed to those who desire to make a practical contribution, irrespective of denomination or party, to offset the effects of the Bantu Education Act." A somewhat similar appeal has already been made by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and I have heard criticism of unnecessary duplication. Certainly the volume of organised protest against the policies of the South African Government is growing so widespread in Britain that there may be room for further co-ordination between overlapping organisations. But this is a secondary matter. It is not so long ago that the warnings about the actions and intentions of Dr. Malan were widely regarded as the nagging of a handful of sentimental priests, seditious politicians and trouble-making journalists. Today, the evil nature of Mr. Strydom's racialism is preached from the most conventional platforms and pulpits, and is generally understood for what it is by the public in this country. That seems to me, despite an occasional confusion of organisation, a remarkable tribute to the effectiveness of the earlier (and less popular) campaigners.

* * *

One of the most enjoyable (and, I suspect, popular) features which the "middle" of this journal has carried for some time, was the two-page spread of bogus book advertisements which pulled a good number of New Statesmanly legs on Christmas morning. The joke, unacknowledged at the time, was devised by Arthur Marshall and Vicky, and was subsequently expanded to its final form mainly by the joint wit and penmanship of T. C. Worsley and John Raymond. One or two readers, more familiar doubtless with the front than the back half of THE NEW STATESMAN, have written letters that show that they took it all seriously. That, perhaps, is not very surprising; but I return to the subject now to share with those who saw the original joke a charming tail-piece. During the past fortnight, two reputable London bookshops (one world-famous) have telephoned this office to inquire for details of books which they could find advertised only in our Christmas issue. The two NEW STATESMAN creations which have thus stimulated the trade are *The Filly and the Birch* (Woppitt Press, 18s.), and *Lambeth Nights*, Miss Goodchild's "revealing and intimate peeps" at the family life of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

* * *

"£100 is left for Winnie, the cat—and two Pekes gets 15s. a week." Thus my *Evening Standard* last Monday. The two Pekes, I find, dwell in Italy, that land of exotic extravagance and complaisant tax-gatherers; and unless their future conduct brings them, improbably, within the purview of Anthony Carson's roving eye, they need not concern us further. But Winnie is apparently a resident of St. Pancras, and her case interests me. For her money, I suppose, has been left in trust, and, if invested, will presumably bring her in an investment income—not large, but sufficient, no doubt, for her needs. Will she, I wonder, have to pay tax on this? A child, in similar circumstances, would, I am told, certainly have to. And while I raise the matter in a spirit of inquiry with no desire to embarrass Winnie in her moment of good fortune, I find it hard to believe that the law treats a cat more generously than a child. Let us suppose, then, that the Commissioners agree, and Winnie is liable for tax on her investment. If she is called upon to shoulder this, the definitive obligation of citizenship, surely she must not be debarred from corresponding privileges? No doubt she has already spotted her chance to claim a family allowance, if otherwise eligible. I remind her, in addition, that she may well be entitled to a free issue of cod-liver oil.

FLAVUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Dogs returning from Cruft's Show occupied seats in a King's Cross-Edinburgh express while people had to stand in the corridor.—*Daily Telegraph* (H. A. M. Brangham.)

Said Mr. Commissioner Blanco White: "This was not cruelty. It was the natural reaction of a somewhat wild Continental woman who found herself in the process of being abandoned."

It had to be remembered that, being Continental, when she got angry and excited her reactions could not be calculated as easily as a man could calculate those of a normal Englishwoman.—*Daily Herald*. (A. Binderman.)

As for me, after twenty years, the sight of my husband rising to his feet *every* time I enter a room, despite all protests and even when I am only bringing in the pudding, never fails in its effect.—Letter in *Housewife*. (A. Bussey.)

Mr. —— said his sister's name was Mabel Hemmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Viside Lou de Orellane Plantagenet Tredwise Saxon ——. She was usually known as Mabel.—*News Chronicle*. (W. S. H. Cowley.)

WHAT YOU WILL

"TWELFTH NIGHT" *is to be filmed in Leningrad*

"*Twelfth Night*" is due for Soviet screening—
All mirth, all madness, all moonshine—
Though the production is artistic
The treatment must be realistic,
But how to make its inner meaning
Follow the Marxist line?

When passed for public presentation
The cultural rule they must not break—
The play to life must be related,
Some moral must be inculcated—
The State allows no deviation
From art for Marx's sake.

Hymn *dolce far niente*—
All lovers' sighs, all silly sooth—
This foolish plot of hearts entangled
Must be to Marxist teaching angled,
Prove to the Soviet's "sweet-and-twenty"
Some economic truth.

The lovelorn Duke was not oppressive,
Albeit a social parasite,
The singing clown, the tipsy frolic
Were not conspicuously symbolic,
Nor was the working class progressive
Seen struggling in "*Twelfth Night*."

But wait—one figure of reaction,
One type was there at whom to scoff,
One character was represented
Who to their purpose was invented—
Producers see with satisfaction
Malvolio-Malenkov.

Producers, fearing no objection
Find room for dialectic skill—
The State approves the new production
For proletarian instruction,
So, under Soviet direction,
"*Twelfth Night*" means what you will

SAGITTARIUS

The Writer and the Child

A good many of us are worried about the place of war and violence in children's books. We hope children will be able to grow up to think peace is an exciting, satisfying, normal state. We know that at present many of them have the fear of another war in the back of their minds; they are half-expecting it, screwing themselves up towards it, never able to look forward properly to all they can be and do in a life of peace. When I was in America I noticed this fear even more marked, but there—at any rate in New York—children had the extra worry of air-raid precautions in school.

We who write for children have a certain responsibility here. But it is not entirely easy to know what to do. We have first of all to sort out our own ideas about violence. Do we hate war primarily because of the mass destruction of all we value, or because it lets loose the violences and cruelties which are inside all of us, the wolf in the soul? If the latter be the case, are we right to suppress such emotions, or play them down in our writing for children? If they are there, latent, in our readers, had they better be let out and directed into relatively harmless paths? I am going to suggest that a certain amount of violence, both in life and literature, is necessary for the happiness of normal children, but that it can be a violence unrelated either to cruelty or war.

War may and often does liberate certain good qualities: courage and self-sacrifice, comradeship and ingenuity. These are things which can also be liberated through other ways: danger has to be faced in mining, exploring, certain types of scientific research, flying and climbing. But the qualities I have listed are overwhelmingly linked in our imaginations with war; they were the "virtues of war" in the long historical period when war was the only respectable kind of adventure and excitement. We certainly need to write about these virtues, and I think we can also be sure that the impulses towards cruelty and destruction exist in normal people. We can no more ignore them in a children's book than in an adult's. What we can, I think, suggest, is that they can be, not repressed, but curbed and set to do useful things, and that this dealing with the wolf in the soul is one of the things which make civilisation. Perhaps, indeed, this *plus* curiosity in the arts and sciences is a proper definition of civilisation.

It is a step in the right direction when violence is used only against evil; but not much of a step, as we never have any difficulty in finding and naming an enemy. What matters more is when physical violence is turned into something else—something which, just the same brings the stimulant of the pituitary glands and all that goes with them, both to read about and watch as well as to do: Bannister running the mile, Hillary and Tensing on Everest, the ambulance plane coming down on the few feet of tide strip, the un-named fishermen hauling and straining all night on their nets. Perhaps what matters still more is when we can see violence becoming conversion, the enemy turning into a friend. Children as well as adults find this most exciting; Mrs. Nesbit does it beautifully in *The Magic City*, one of her best books.

When writing for children we have no right to over-simplify moral issues. Normally we leave out certain aspects of sex which are a bore to most children and shock their parents. But we must not leave out love; and we should not leave out hate. These are part of all great children's literature, except when (as in *Alice*) the book deals with some kind of intellectual puzzle.

But it is a temptation, only too often succumbed to, especially when writing for small children, to write of a world without problems, of a day-to-day life completely sheltered. A little of this may be all very well as roughage, but it can be used as a way of reducing great stories to a silliness and emptiness which even a young child can find infuriating. How I used to hate anything "Told to the Children"!

The other temptation, if one is writing of war and violence for older children, is to treat it in a superficial way, so that the bangs are made by rubber swords on cardboard helmets. Too much popular historical writing for children is like this, and Scott has some dreadfully "back-cloth" battles. Better not write if we cannot write truthfully. If we see the blow, we must also feel the pain and see the corpse, and know the result both on killed and killer. The protagonists must not be so dressed up that they cease to be ourselves underneath. It is surely for this seriousness and identification that we read even the unlikeliest Shakespeare. And it is the complete lack of it, that some of us deplore most in the Comics, even the relatively good ones which try to have some kind of standard. Seriousness needs a certain amount of space; strips and potted books and five minutes of reading—and how few, even adults, seem able to put up with more!—demand superficiality.

What I have tried to do in my own books for children is to make violence and warfare real and to explain what is really happening to people: that is, to show the historical consequences of actions—or, in other words, the moral. Children can stand having a moral pointed out to them so long as it is done with respect to their minds and consciences and never condescendingly. Books like *The Water Babies* and most of George MacDonald's stories, as well as the best of the moderns, are full of morals, and so is the excellent American children's best-seller, *Charlotte's Web*. My experience is that children can and do "take" them.

What they won't "take" is having a moral stuck on which is not implicit in the telling of the story—and quite right, too. Nor, of course, will they be talked down to. What has put us middle-aged folk against the story with a moral is the type of nineteenth-century moral story which we came across as children. Here the child reader was not respected as an individual (perhaps an inevitable attitude at a time of very large families), and had to put up with morals and milk pudding whether he liked them or not. Obedience was the supreme virtue in the under-dog or under-puppy, in both the large and small social unit. Inevitably, because we saw or sensed where obedience and good old Freudian "integration with the pattern of society" was leading, we rebelled against that.

Nor were we prepared to take Christian morals seriously, feeling that they were only tagged on at the end and that they, equally, emphasised obedience. This is a criticism of the hollow sky of the industrial revolution from whose mirror a magnified and distorted father-God grinned down at the successful. For there have been periods with other Christian values. In writing about the historical past one must, I think, accept and lay stress on certain kinds of Christian value, essential then for curbing the wolf, perhaps equally essential now.

There is, however, another type of book which we tend to consider suitable reading for children though, of course, never meant for them. These are the fairy tales. They are full of violence and killing, with a considerable amount of incidental and casual cruelty, and I don't think they can be bowdlerised. But fairy tales were for adults. What we now think of as the traditional fairy tales of Great Britain and Ireland were told to mixed audiences of every age, the child sitting on his mother's knee, protected from terror by her arms. Some of this went on in remote places until fairly recently, but in general came to an end in the eighteenth century—when Perrault and Hans Andersen started writing. Theirs are the first fairy tales for reading. But fairy tales were not thought particularly suitable for children until, perhaps, the late nineteenth century. What are now, by most parents, children and booksellers, thought of as "children's fairy tales" are almost always trivialities, written by people who do not believe in what they write.

Grimm wrote his fairy tales at a time when they were beginning to stop telling them in Germany. For myself, I would hesitate to give them to any child; they frightened me a lot, and what did that was the quality of enjoyment about popping the discomfited enemy into the oven, which now I see as a foretaste of Auschwitz. I think we can separate the cruelty from the violence in Grimm and condemn the cruelty because it is never set in any moral framework; it is allowed. It is *fas*, where it should be *nefas*. Yet it is probably truly narrated, the story was told this way in the Prussian village. But it is not suitable reading for children.

I doubt if many parents, teachers or writers would deny that violence in itself is harmless and necessary. Children have violent emotions and violent movements. They appreciate violence in their reading matter. They want a bang. What they don't need and should not want is a *cruel*-

bang. But that is an easy one to write about or make a strip about, so that is what they often get.

If we consider a few children's books with fighting in them, it is clear what we are after. In *The Heroes*, the child reader knows that Theseus did something wrong and that it is bound to catch him in the end: blood cries out for blood. It is Necessity and not in any way pleasant. Only there is a certain moral satisfaction when Necessity works itself out. Kingsley makes it a predominantly Christian Necessity. It was not that. But it was certainly a European Necessity, perhaps an almost universal one.

There is death and violence in all the Seton Thompson and Long nature stories, but deliberate cruelty is seldom described; and, when it is, it is deeply disapproved of. It is interesting that these books are particularly well thought of in the Soviet Union. They have not had to revolt against "stories with a moral" as we had to, so they think it normal and proper that the moral framework should always be there. Basically it is the same moral framework as ours, though bits of it have got different names, which is muddling for both sides.

Very few modern British children have seen death or considered it as a fact. When a relation dies, it is glossed over; the word "death" is almost a taboo word, at any rate in the middle classes. Even in Scotland, a child seldom sees a corpse in the way which my generation did, and which was probably quite good for them. Nowadays, when children are suddenly brought up against death, the hidden thing, they are likely to be shocked and react badly. While hardly agreeing with the Fairchild family's practice of going to see a murderer hanging in chains, one has a feeling that this may be better than not realising that death is something quite ordinary, perhaps friendly.

Now all this gives us writers a pointer. First, we have a duty to be truthful. But we should have a positive moral framework to put our truth into, something for our child readers to hang on to, so that there is never real horror or shock. Violence is necessary, but it must be implicit in our writing that it can be curbed or directed, and we need not associate it with war. The warlike virtues can be stressed as much as we like, but we might think of other situations for them, moral situations in a real world. We can have a few light-hearted bangs, but they needn't be bombs. If we do have to write about bombs, don't let us write about them lightly.

There are certain concomitants of a war situation which are nasty, but which make easy plots. Many modern children's books have some kind of spy story. Someone is being caught out; spies are spied upon. There is something inherently distasteful here, though it is not quite clear why. Perhaps it is that both spying and spying on spies are ungenerous activities. They may be done in good causes, but somehow we don't like the people who do them. This may, however, be rather a medieval frame of mind.

Again, we have a duty not to start children off by thinking of any one country or group of countries as automatically the enemy. Indeed, when there is pressure all round us towards this kind of automatic thinking, we have a certain duty to counteract it, to show people of the unpopular country as being in some way friendly. We have a duty to present alternatives to war which will make peace just as exciting and dangerous and full of generous situations. This is not very easy as some of the alternatives are difficult to understand, even for adults. But it is no fun being a writer unless one does difficult things.

NAOMI MITCHISON

New Roads for Yesterday

In the past fortnight that Cinderella of Government Departments, the Ministry of Transport, has shown two new dresses to her admirers; one was labelled "Railways," the other "Roads." The first was interesting and medium-priced. The second was cheap and tawdry.

The Government apparently realises the need to improve Britain's road facilities; but we are as far as ever from accepting what should surely be the basic principle of all transport development in any country—that the initial cost of such development must always be related to its long-term value to the community. This truth has been accepted for many years in the U.S. and in most European countries, but in Britain it still seems to be regarded as revolutionary and slightly indecent. Yet money spent on transport is as much a form of capital investment as money spent on industrial plant or new industrial techniques—with the difference that the Treasury and local authorities spend the money, but the gain is shown elsewhere, in the books of Britain's industries; the community as a whole gets the profit. Consequently road improvement, from the Treasury point of view, seems to be money given away without any return; and it has always been given reluctantly. But the truth is that from a national point of view an adequate road development scheme should pay for itself in the long run. Economy on road development at the present time is a false economy.

Road finance is further complicated by the phenomenon of road taxation. Every year, for the last 20 years, road users have paid more into the Treasury than has been put back into the roads. At the moment road taxation produces £1,000,000 a day. If this sum were diverted directly into road development, even for a short period, the Government could afford a road plan 12 times as ambitious as the present one without drawing on any other source.

Against this background the new plan seems pitiably small. It could be paid for out of road taxation in 16 weeks; but—even more significant—on an estimate of the savings it should bring in fuel, time, repairs, maintenance, and reduction of accidents, it could pay for itself in less than two years. It will cost, over the next four years, one-tenth of our expenditure on Education and one-fiftieth of our expenditure on Defence. It is hardly surprising that road users and industrialists regard it as a very small thing indeed. For instance, more than £300m. has been invested since the war in steel works, oil plants, coal, and port facilities in South Wales. Meanwhile the main route out of South Wales has remained unaltered, with five blind bends per mile for each of the 50-odd miles between Cardiff and Gloucester. Yet the only references to this road in the new four-year plan are the second stage of a by-pass at Neath, a by-pass at Port Talbot, and the widening of a two-mile bottleneck. There is no reference at all to the Severn scheme, though the transport facilities out of Wales should be as much a part of industrial development there as direct investment in factories and machinery. Britain's busiest trunk road is the A 38, from Birmingham to Bristol, where 6,000 vehicles a day move at a speed of 14 miles an hour—just about that of a stage-coach. But there is no reference at all to this road in the new plan. It seems absurd that industries should indulge in complex time-and-motion studies within their own factories, only to be confronted by archaic transport outside.

Britain was the only country in Western Europe to omit a road development plan from her post-war reconstruction programme. At a time when the number of vehicles on our roads increased by 50 per cent. we built no new roads at all, and road-maintenance dropped to two-thirds the pre-war figure. Today we have over 5,000,000 road vehicles; by 1970 we shall probably have 8,000,000. The chances are that finance apart, the relatively small programme announced last week will have been rendered obsolete by the increase in road traffic in the next 15 years.

The answer to all this may well depend on the success of the Railway Plan; certainly it would be unwise to consider road development alone, out of the context of Britain's transport as a whole; and one solution to road congestion would be an increase in the amount of freight that could be carried by a modernised railway. Road and rail are at present in competition, which is stupid and wrong; but in fact this fundamental issue is not even worth considering in terms of the new Road Plan. The Labour Government's 1946 scheme—which assumed the ultimate co-ordination of road and rail—should be taken as a minimum in 1955. Yet it would cost ten times as much as the new four-year plan—which, even granted road-rail competition, can hardly constitute a serious threat to the Transport Commission.

Any scheme as small as the present one could always be faulted in detail. If the Government is willing to spend only thirty millions a year on the new proposals, few people are likely to be happy about the detailed allocation of the money. Londoners may be wondering if they will ever see the widening of the Euston Road, or the Hyde Park Boulevard, and they have searched in vain for any attempt to relieve parking congestion in the West End. On the other hand, the proposed London-Yorkshire motorway is a good start; for years every critic of our road system has placed the Great North Road as the chief of its horrors. Nor will anyone outside Wales attack the motor-way from Lancashire to Birmingham. It is indeed from Wales and the West that the main complaints will come. Even so, let us note just how little we are actually promised in the first stage of the plan—half a motor-way from London to Yorkshire; possibly a start on that from Preston to Birmingham; a small batch of much-needed local improvements; and the beginning of the Forth project. No dates are given for the completion of any of these schemes, but we are reminded that local objections to any of them must be fairly heard. In another five years, and with an expectedly great increase in traffic (and before the railway plan has reached its peak) we may well be worse off than now.

This is especially regrettable because the road-engineering industry has never been so well prepared for the job of tackling the road problem finally and conclusively. In the last few days it has announced its ability to build hundreds of miles a year at a rate of two or three miles a week. Modern machinery can lay surfaces four times as fast as was possible in 1939, and with half the man-power. Today there is no shortage of essential materials; and the industry is suffering from slight under-employment.

What of the part to be played in road development by the local authorities? The financial responsibility for Britain's roads has traditionally been one of the duties of the local authority; it has been so since medieval times, when the inhabitants of every village were responsible for maintaining the local tracks—a task they performed as an act of piety, rather as they cared

Pastures Green

GRASSLAND is one of Britain's greatest national resources, for grass is the natural food of cattle and sheep, and upon its abundance and quality depends the production of more meat and milk. To-day—in a world seriously short of these things—the improvement and development of grassland is recognised as the foundation of our agricultural expansion. It has not always been so, and it is largely due to the vision and patient researches of a few pioneers that the essential knowledge and techniques are now available to the British farmer. I.C.I. was among the first to apply scientific methods to the many problems connected with growing grass, raising its nutritional value and ensuring that the most efficient use is made of it. As long ago as 1928, an I.C.I. experimental farm was established at Jealott's Hill in Berkshire where practical research in grassland management was undertaken.

The benefits of this and other work have been far-reaching—from the development of new methods for controlling the grazing of cattle to the production of improved fertilisers. I.C.I.'s "Nitro-Chalk" for example, has shown remarkable results as a grassland fertiliser. Its use not only raises the food value of grass, but makes it grow more abundantly and for a longer period, thus extending the grazing season and helping to save imports of cattle feeding-stuffs. Another I.C.I. development is the drying of grass by machines, a method which makes it possible to preserve its full nutritive value almost indefinitely. I.C.I. is still pioneering, and the new knowledge of grassland problems that it is gaining will help the British farmer to produce still more from British acres.

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for the sick. Indeed, local authorities paid for all the roads until the first decade of this century. Today the Government looks after all trunk roads, pays 75 per cent. of the cost of approved work on Class 1 roads, 60 per cent. on Class 2 roads, 50 per cent. on Class 3 roads, and nothing at all on unclassified roads. More than half the total mileage of Britain's roads is entirely financed by local authorities, whose resources, enthusiasm and efficiency must vary from place to place. A relatively small expenditure on the national level may cause some very tough problems in the counties. Yet no attempt has been made since 1936—when the Ministry of Transport took over 4,500 miles of roads—to plan the road system on a national basis. The present system provides no hope that any plan, however small, will be implemented with uniform enthusiasm and efficiency throughout the country. As for tolls, it would be difficult to justify this reintroduction of 18th-century finance by the cost of so small a plan as the one announced last week.

The problem of Britain's roads has two basic aspects; we need a long-term system that will sensibly co-ordinate the facilities of road and rail; and we need an immediate minimum road plan regardless of this ultimate co-ordination. At the moment we have neither.

GEORGE LEATHER

St. Scholastica's Day

THURSDAY this week was the 600th anniversary of the most notorious and bloody encounter ever known between the Scholars and Townsmen of Oxford. To mark the occasion, Oxford City Council has conferred the freedom of the City on the Vice-Chancellor of the University. There could hardly be a more suitable gift to symbolise the present friendly relations between Town and Gown, for the chief result of that famous fracas in 1355 was a drastic curtailment of the Town's liberties and a corresponding increase in the powers of the University. It took half a millennium to redress the balance.

Anthony à Wood, that learned and lively annalist of early Oxford, has left us a racy account of what happened as he pieced it together in the seventeenth century.

> On Tuesday 10 Feb. (being the feast of S. Scholastica the Virgin) came Walter de Springhouse, Roger de Chesterfield and other Clerks to the Tavern called Swyndlestock (being now the Meermaid Tavern at Quatervois, stiled at this day in leases Swynstock) and there calling for wine, John de Croydon the Vintner brought them some, but they disliking it, as it should seem, and he avouching it to be good, several snappish words passed between them. At length the Vintner giving them stubborn and saucy language, they threw the wine and vessel at his head. The Vintner therefore receding with great passion and aggravating the abuse to those of his family and neighbourhood, several came in, encouraged him not to put up the abuse, and withal told them they would faithfully stand by him.

The owner of the so appropriately named tavern was a certain John de Bereford, who also happened to be Mayor of Oxford. He and the two Bailiffs seem to have played a leading part in what followed. No doubt they had many real grievances against the Scholars, who enjoyed and often abused privileges that were denied to the townspeople. At any rate, one of them sounded the tocsin on the Bell of St. Martin's near Carfax and "in an instant" the Townsmen "were in arms, some with bows and arrows, others with divers sorts of weapons." Without more ado they "set upon divers Scholars who at that time had not any offensive arms, no not so much as any thing to defend themselves. They shot also at the Chancellor of the University and would have killed him, though he attempted to pacify them and appease the tumult."

This is the University side of the story; it is a pity we have not got the Townsmen's version. Yet Wood's account has the ring of truth and though his style is picturesque he does not embroider the tale for the sake of effect.

The Chancellor now had the Bell of St. Mary's rung as a general alarm for the University. The Scholars sallied forth into the streets with bows and arrows, or sniped more conveniently from windows and roof-tops. Fighting continued "till dark night," yet there were no casualties that day on either side. Where, one wonders, were the bowmen of Crécy and Poitiers?

Next day a proclamation was read at St. Mary's Church and at Quatervois [Carfax]. No one, it said, was to carry offensive weapons or disturb the peace. The Scholars went off to the Schools and "demeaned themselves peaceably till after dinner." But the Townsmen were out for blood. Some of them invaded the Augustine Schools, where Wadham College now stands, and drove away a Master of Divinity who was "determining," or maintaining a thesis. Others laid an ambush and "having discovered certain Scholars walking after dinner in Beaumont . . . issued out of St. Giles' Church, shooting at the said Scholars for the space of three furlongs." Again the Bells of Town and University jangled an alarm. Again the Scholars sallied forth to do battle with the Townsmen. A few had the forethought to slip round to the Town gates and barricade them against the country folk who had heard of the disturbances and were coming in from Hinksey and Headington, Wolvercote and Marston to help their relatives. There was fighting all the afternoon till a little after Vespers when there "entered into the Town by the west gate about two thousand countrymen with a black dismal flag, erect and displayed." This was too much for the Scholars, who hastily withdrew to their lodgings.

The mob was set on paying off old scores. Crying "*Havock*" and "*Gyve gode knocks*," as a contemporary poem records, they rushed through the deserted streets, broke into a number of Inns or hostels, killed or wounded the Scholars they found there and looted everything of value they could lay their hands on.

The following day, Thursday, the Chancellor and "some principal persons" of the University went off to meet the King at Woodstock. As soon as the sun was up the Townsmen rang their Bell and "with hideous noises and clamour came and invaded the Scholars' Houses." Their violence now took a particularly anti-clerical turn and Chaplains were the chief victims of their fury. They even went so far as to flay the skin of the clerics' tonsures.

This was the last and worst day of the rioting. By noon all the Scholars had left the Town or taken refuge within the strong walls of Merton and other colleges that were proof against attack. The Townsmen had won the day. But retribution came swiftly. The Scholars had sent a message to the Bishop of Lincoln who was then travelling in Huntingdonshire. He received the news "with grief and astonishment," and at once ordered letters of excommunication to be drawn up and read in every parish church of Oxford. Priests in full canonicals went through the whole elaborate ritual of bells, curses and extinguished tapers. The Town lay under a terrible interdict—cut off from the sacraments of Holy Church and the consolations of religion.

Then the secular power stepped in. A Royal Commission was set up to investigate the affair. The Mayor, Bailiffs and other townsmen were convicted and imprisoned. The Sheriff was dismissed for negligence in allowing the villagers to get out of hand; and both Town and University were obliged to surrender all their privileges to the King. This last was only a manœuvre. Four days later, the University had its rights restored and enlarged. The Townsmen were ordered to pay a collective fine of £250 for all damages except death and mayhem, and to make full restitution of Scholars' goods and chattels. Control of the town's market was handed over to the Chancellor. Some of the prison sentences were remitted, but only because "the Scholars were put to a push" for their daily necessities.

The worst punishment was still to come. The University, backed by the all-powerful Church, resolved to teach the Townsmen a lesson. It was ordained that the Mayor and Bailiffs and sixty burgesses should appear at St. Mary's Church every year on the Feast-day of St. Scholastica to celebrate a mass at their own expense, and after the gospel offer one penny each. Forty pence were to be distributed to forty poor Scholars; the rest was to be given to the Curate. It was humiliation for the Town. Though a sermon was substituted for the mass and the value of the penny dropped through the ages, the Mayor and the burgesses still walked in procession each year to acknowledge the guilt of their forefathers. It was only in 1825 on the humble petition of the City that the University was graciously pleased to remit the penalty.

Personal animosities, however, did not last as long as the official coolness between Town and University. John de Bereford even escaped from prison and lived to become a wealthy citizen of Oxford and a great benefactor of the Church. And though we must deplore even at this distance of time the "sad Conflict" of St. Scholastica's Day, we must admit with old Anthony à Wood that it "proved a glorious day to the Scholars."

STANLEY MAYES

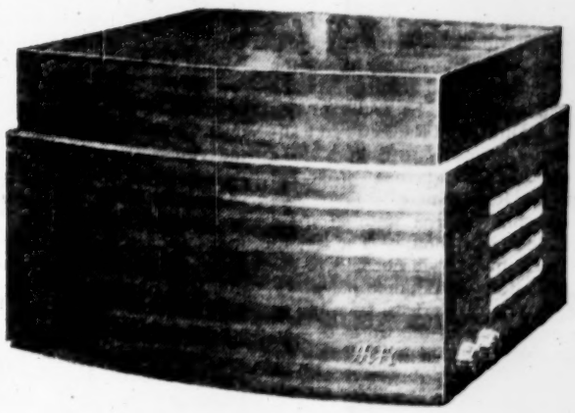
So They Say . . .

ON January 28, the U.S. Senate voted by 85 to 3 in support of the President's China policy. The debate had lasted three days (nearly 300,000 words in the printed report, including the articles and documents inserted afterwards) and the British press had no space for elaborate reports. Yet the full transcript, now available in the *Congressional Record*, makes it quite clear that the formal vote did not express the deep disquiet of many Senators. The most forceful and consistent criticism came from Senator Morse, the Oregon independent who holds the filibuster record; Senate rules allowed him to make several long speeches and numerous interjections. But Senator Long, of Louisiana, was the first to condemn the ambiguous commitment to defend the off-shore islands. If this, he said, "is a decision to ask for a showdown with China, and with Russia as well . . . it would be strictly the type of go-it-alone policy. . . . I fully believe that Chiang Kai-shek and his friends have no more certain purpose than to have the U.S. fully involved in all-out war with China." Senator Kefauver took the same view:

> We did not put [Chiang] on those islands, and I do not think it is up to us to help him defend

"Concertos can be costly...

After all, it's not merely the cost of a good seat, but a trip to town and supper after the concert can soon knock holes in a budget—mine, at least. With the Black Box, I sit in the best seat in the house (my favourite chair). Listening with my eyes closed, the orchestra seems to fill the room. With my pipe going nicely, I want nothing more."



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them . . . We shall place our future . . . in the hands of a man who . . . would give anything in the world to get us involved in a war with Communist China. [This resolution] is calculated to precipitate war with China rather than to forestall an armed attack on Formosa.

The second charge, to which Senator Morse continually returned, was that the U.S. "for the first time in all its history is . . . going so far as to threaten an act of aggression before an act of war has been committed upon us." The motion, he said, gave the President "a predated declaration of war." Senator Lehman, of New York, supported Morse, asking . . .

> Are we justified in the discharge of our duties and responsibilities as Senators, in affixing our names and authority to this sweeping grant of unchecked and unlimited power?

Both Morse and Lehman argued that the President already had the right, as Commander-in-Chief, to protect U.S. interests against any attack; the vague wording of the new declaration was full of dangers. "Put in plain English," the Republican Senator Flanders said, the decision to defend Quemoy "is preventive war."

Though Senators George and Knowland insisted that the resolution only "drew the line," and that the President had no intention of making the first attack, Senator Smith, of New Jersey, was more outspoken:

> It is to our advantage, by agreement with the Nationalist forces, to be always in a position to strike a blow at the . . . underbelly of China.

And Senator Saltonstall, one of the most influential Republicans, confirmed the suspicions of the liberal Senators by justifying preventive attacks on the mainland.

> Shall we wait until [Chou] strikes the first blow? If we wait for the first blow, we may never be able to strike back.

Saltonstall was sharply cross-examined by Long and Kefauver, while Morse argued that Saltonstall was revealing the true intentions of the Administration. Though the "briefings" of the Senators had been in private, he said everyone now knew that both Dulles and Radford had testified that "it may be necessary to make a strike against the mainland of China before a strike . . . could be made by the Red Chinese."

Lehman, Morse and Kefauver were all afraid that the U.S. was losing its allies. "The legions of mankind," said Lehman, "will not rally to our banners if our purpose is to promote not peace, but Chiang Kai-shek. . . . We have been out of step with most of the rest of the world." This thought did not worry the "liberal" Democrat, Paul Douglas:

> So long as there is even a slight possibility or a reasonable chance that Chiang Kai-shek could successfully invade the mainland, I should be opposed to a cease-fire.

Nor did Lehman's criticism disturb Senator Malone of Nevada, whose fantastic speech included a demand for breaking relations with Russia, attacks on Red China, the Democrats, the British, colonial imperialism, the United Nations and the Marshall Plan. Though this speech read like a skit by *Pravda*, Malone ended by saying the President was being "sucked into war with Red China" and that the U.S. had "nothing to gain and everything to lose" by this.

Not even the critical Senators disagreed with the decision to defend Formosa and the Pescadores, though a dozen different "legal" reasons were given to justify its retention as a U.S. base. But Knowland resisted any suggestions that the island should be put under U.S. trusteeship: were nine million free Chinese "to place their lives in the hands of an organisation" that only sent 45,000 men to Korea? The China Lobby Senators Bridges, Bricker, Welker, Jenner, Capehart, Thye and Hickenlooper rallied to support in advance any action the President might take. The last word came from Senator Byrd, of Virginia—the senior and influential Dixiecrat. "We are," he said, "becoming a partner with the leaders of Chinese who have been driven from their country . . . we do not want land warfare . . . But the primary desire of Chiang Kai-shek is war on the mainland to recapture his power."

QUEFEQUEG

Roman Scandals

I STAYED in Rome in a pension in the Piazza Rotonda, where the Pantheon sits in a round brown study and the cats meet every night to dine with the gods. I shared a room with a Communist photo-reporter called Carlo Guidi. At first he introduced himself as a Socialist; but after two days he explained that being a Socialist meant that one was a Communist, unless one was a Democratic Socialist, which meant one was a Christian Democrat, which was the same as being as reactionary as a Monarchist or a Republican. One night he woke me up and asked me what I thought of Mussolini. I gathered my thoughts together, and replied that Mussolini was, as far as I knew, bloody. "You are wrong," cried Carlo, "utterly wrong. He was quite magnificent. He was as great as Julius Cæsar." I quickly lit a cigarette, and gathered my thoughts together again. "But, Signor Guidi," I said, "you are speaking as a Fascist." "It is possible for us to speak as Fascists," cried Guidi, "without thinking like them."

Carlo used to get up very early in the morning and leave the house with his camera, returning late at night, exhausted and melancholy. He would sit on the bed with his head on his hands. "What is wrong?" I asked him once. "There are no scandals,' he said. But one evening he returned home with a bottle of wine and sparkled over the pensione dinner-table. "Have you seen the Americano photo-reporters on the films?" he asked me. "Yes," I said. "Well, I've done as well as them. You see, some member of a South American Embassy has disappeared. He may have crossed the Iron Curtain for all I know. I bribed a Social-Democrat camera man to give me the address of his mistress. I go there and she turns out to be a minor. So I pretend to be a film-producer and I rave over her measurements. I promise her a part in a film, and I take six pictures. They appear in my newspaper tomorrow, and underneath will be printed 'From our Foto-Reporter, Carlo Guidi.'" "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said an elderly lady from Trieste. "But why?" cried Carlo. "First, I must eat. Secondly, such a scoop brings prestige to the Party. Thirdly, and indubitably, this minor will receive a hundred real contracts before the day is over."

The second week I was in Rome an orgy broke out in the Via Corridoni. It was in a clandestine house, one of those houses which escape paying taxes to the State, and someone had died there, possibly from old age. The Good Custom Police burst into the house and discovered it to be crammed with minors, drugs and other less pleasant things. And behold, in the very centre of what the newspapers referred to poetically as "an appalling Rendez-vous of Morbid Dreams of Love," a very staid President of the Law Courts, Signor X, and his wife. To the delight of the Christian Democrats, the Social-Democrats, the Republicans, the Monarchists and the Neo-Fascists, Signor X was not only a Communist, but had been a leading figure in the exposure of the Montesi case.

"What do you say to this?" I asked Carlo. "Absolutely nothing," replied Carlo. "In the first place, it's Private Life. And in the second place everybody in Rome is absolutely terrified. You see, the Good Custom Police had the whole house wired with microphones in order to trap Signor X. They've been planning it for months, because they want to stifle the Montesi case. But thousands of others must have been trapped as well, and it's up to the Party to discover who they were. I just await orders." He tapped his camera significantly.

But Carlo was wrong. The newspapers worried Signor X between their teeth like a rat, and raving reporters nearly exhausted the rich, rippling vocabulary of the Italian language in a week. In high Roman circles, ladies of a certain age gave up Canasta and asked their friends around to discuss minors. Schoolboys gave up reading comics and hid newspapers in their desks. Signor X was dismissed by the Communist Party, summoned by the High Court, and the Montesi case dwindled down to a dull column beside pedestrian reports of earthquakes, epidemics, rape and impending war.

One morning I woke up suddenly to a brilliant Roman day and found Carlo putting his camera together. He was whistling softly and happily. "Good morning, Signor Carzone," he said. "I'm going to hunt a minor. His name is Y. Would you like to come with me?" "Certainly," I said. It was good hunting weather; and when I had dressed, we went down into the street and got into a tram. We ranged around the old Roman Wall, past the stone tablets, like advertisements of miracles, past the cemetery and the mysterious church of San Giovanni before which a crowd was being addressed by a man on a pulpit. In it, I knew, was the Holy Staircase. "Togliatti," said Carlo, pointing to the man in the pulpit. "Let me explain about Y. He's the chief minor in the case and put up an astonishing performance in the Casa Clandestina. I had a secret confidential tip that he is meeting another female minor in a café in the Via Basento." "But I thought you weren't touching the X case," I said. "Not X himself," said Carlo, "only the minors. They're mostly Fascists, and this Y pretended that he was thirty years old. He certainly acted as if he was," concluded Carlo with grudging admiration.

We descended from the tram and followed a narrow street into a small square, suddenly blinding with sunlight. It was crammed with photo-reporters. At the very moment we arrived, a man was running out of the café towards a slightly ruined church. The shout of "It's Y!" burst into the air and the photo-reporters converged on him, but not before he had managed to enter the church. Carlo swore horribly, and turned to another photo-reporter. "Where's the female minor?" he asked. "She's rung up the Good Custom Police," said the other photographer, "and locked herself in the lavatory." "What's Y doing in the church?" I asked Carlo. "Seeking sanctuary," said Carlo, "and he'll probably get it. But don't imagine that he doesn't want to be photographed. This isn't a scene out of *Promessi Sposi*. The only reason he's running away is because he's under contract to a Milanese newspaper, and they're supposed to have sole proprietary right over his pictures."

We tried to get into the church, but it was choked with photo-reporters, so we turned back into the cafe and had some vermouth. "It's a sickening business," said Carlo, "and we've had a bad morning, as you can see. Most of the

reporters will go into the church for confession, but I really draw the line at that. My only chance is the female minor in the w.c." "But is she important?" I asked. "They're all important," said Carlo. "All of them are writing their life-stories and nobody reads the confessions of the Montesi minors any more. One of them has even written a Piano Concerto in prison. He started writing it on the back of smuggled cigarette packets, but the authorities granted him the use of paper and a pen, and they're talking about lending him an orchestra. We'll wait for this minor. . . ."

We waited twenty minutes. Every now and then cries in the distance proclaimed that Y had been sighted again as he made his way from church to church on the way to his agent. Presently we heard footsteps on the stairs and a girl precipitated herself into the café, sobbing. She fell into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "Do you want any help?" asked Carlo, with a suddenly contrite face, as if nothing other than routine poison had ever entered his soul. The girl continued to sob, then looked up. She had an immediate face of youth drowning. "Let me help you to get away," said Carlo; "the photo-reporters will be back any moment. I will get you a taxi. I will accompany you to a place of hiding." When I looked at Carlo's eyes, I saw they were wet too. "I'll get the taxi," I said. . . .

The next evening Carlo came into the room and dumped his camera heavily on his bed. "Did you get the minor away?" I asked. Carlo laughed. "Yes. I got her away. She asked me to introduce her to a cinema manager, and she's making a personal appearance at his place tonight. I got the story." He started to undress. "You have to be smart to be a foto-reporter in Rome," he said, as he switched off the light.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

HELL YESTERDAY

WHEN *Huis Clos* first appeared directly after the war, it made, I remember, a most extraordinary impression. The reverberations of its grim theme travelled far beyond the rather closed confines in which the success of a merely brilliant play would ordinarily resound. At a single stroke, with a play lasting a bare hour and a quarter, M. Sartre became the most talked of intellectual in Europe. And such was the effect of his piece that even those who hadn't seen it or read it felt the power of its impact.

Nine years later it is no less extraordinary to remember that this was so; and it is certainly very difficult to explain to oneself why it should have been. Undoubtedly *Huis Clos* is an ingenious theatrical *tour de force*, but it was not just that which made the impression, certainly over here where the theatre, alas, is not taken very seriously by the intelligentsia. And, incidentally, even theatrically, it seems less striking now than it did then. The beginning is brilliant—the door of the enclosed, stuffy room being opened by a bell-boy and the first guest being shown in, and then the cunningly gradual unfolding of the truth that this is a room in Hell. But after that there is to be only one more theatrical stroke, towards the end, when, after the three occupants have explained themselves, and their situation has become hideously plain to them, Garcin bangs (for the second time) frenetically on the door and suddenly to our surprise and to his dismay it opens itself. He can go out, and doesn't; there is truly no escape. But between these two points there has been opportunity only for varieties of hysteria, and there are not enough interesting variations to be played on that theme.

Ideologically *Huis Clos*, now that it is revived (at the Watergate), seems curiously dated: it was evidently very much "of its time," and that time is, if only for the moment, mercifully vanished. The play was conceived in the middle of the horror of the Occupation when restriction, physical and mental, was the very essence of the horror. To imagine Hell then as a locked and windowless room in the perpetual blare of artificial light was peculiarly apt, to add to it that one should be locked in there with the most antipathetic room-mates conceivable was, superficially, a brilliant addition. Even in England we could appreciate that. If we were not occupied, we were at least beleaguered, and felt something of the horrors of constriction; there was no getting out. Then, too, to a large minority the conditions of war meant an all too intimate sharing of the common traffic of daily life with utterly incompatible people; the barrack-room, the tent, the messdeck, the mess, and even, perhaps, the Ministry, condemned us to living and working side by side with people whose addictions and tastes exacerbated our nerves almost to the breaking point. And those who had known the freedom of choice in their private lives before the war may have found this almost intolerable, and so would have assented with the whole force of their dammed up frustrations to M. Sartre's central proposition, "Hell is other people." But as we look back the odd thing really is that this shallow generalisation should ever have seemed profound. All it profoundly is, is untrue.

Still, supposing we grant the proposition for working purposes, that still leaves other thoroughly unsatisfactory elements in the play. To us now Hell implies some belief in good and evil; in the intervening years we have become altogether less philistine about these. M. Sartre's chosen examples, the Lesbian, the Coward and the Nymphomaniac don't strike us for a moment as worthy of the grandeur of damnation. These sad creatures are the lost, not the damned. We should at least have to be shown that they have

OSCAR HOBSON:

A Tribute

The Financial Times in its weekly column "Men and Matters" recently had this to say about the News Chronicle City Editor

"No honour could have given greater pleasure to the City than the knighthood conferred upon Mr. Oscar Hobson in the New Year's List. This was an imaginative selection, and one altogether appropriate.

"Mr. Hobson has always been a steady critic of the money-tamperers in Whitehall, and of the "get-rich-quickly" people who have misused the machinery by which the City of London has become the most intelligent and far-seeing of world financial centres.

"Mr. Hobson is by far the ablest of City Editors of our time, and his shrewdness and capacity for judgment, tempered by high independence, have been of the greatest service to the City, the Treasury, and to British industry. Mr. Hobson does honour to the latest Honours List."

Sir Oscar Hobson is author of "How the City Works", a book that explains in plain non-technical language the financial machinery of the banks and the Stock Exchange and the hundred and one mysteries connected with the commercial life of the greatest City in the world.

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been capable of good before we were convinced that they were, by choice, evil. But in fact their individual stories as related here neither convince nor, to be frank, interest us very much.

There is a second reason for finding the logic of the play unconvincing. And that is the purely sexual principle on which these victims have been chosen to torture one another through eternity. The Lesbian perpetually wants the girl, the girl perpetually wants the man; and if this pays out the Lesbian for being Lesbian, it doesn't seem somehow particularly appropriate punishment for the girl's murder of the child or the man's acts of cowardice. There is a want of logic here which at the time seemed to escape us, but which is now all too obvious.

All the same it will be seen that this is a play which leaves the mind turning over more busily than it did before. A certain amount of the dissatisfaction that one feels with it now may be due to the translation, the production and the performances. Miss Faith Brook as the Lesbian has a fine disdainful smile for the other occupants, and acts well until it is a question of her laugh, which is altogether off. Mr. Hugh Burden is an actor who acts all along the nerves, but surely Garcin's nerves were padded in with intellectual conceptions and a drier approach is necessary until these are peeled away. Altogether there is too much hysteria too soon in this production: not enough is left over for the crisis. The French delight in the cut and thrust of dialectic needs cooler handling.

T. C. Worsley

A MEMORIAL CONCERT

The concert given at the Wigmore Hall in memory of the pianist Noel Mewton-Wood by a group of his friends and colleagues proved to be in itself a memorable event. It had a worthy object in the establishment of a scholarship for Australian pianists; but it was in the first place a gesture of affection and regret for a young, rare, vigorous talent untimely swept away. Mewton-Wood was widely admired for his musical powers, much loved for himself. His intellectual vivacity and apparently limitless fund of friendliness and high spirits were the counterpart of his playing, so bold and vivid and downright, so acutely intellectual, yet capable too on occasion of a sudden intimacy and charm.

Among three new works specially composed for this concert was a setting by Sir Arthur Bliss of an *Elegiac Sonnet* by Cecil Day Lewis which aptly expressed the general feeling: it began "A fountain plays no more," and ended "Laurels enough he had. Lay on his heart/A flower he never knew—the rose called Peace." Prompted by the opening phrase, the composer began his setting with a long passage for solo piano in the style of a free extemporisation; under the fingers of Benjamin Britten this made a most brilliant exordium. With the entry of the voice, a string quartet is also added to the texture; and, beautifully though Peter Pears declaimed his part to the accompaniment of the Zorian Quartet, I hardly felt that the music, with its elaborate layout, added much to the eloquence of the poem. Much slighter, but evocative out of proportion to the simplicity of its means, was a rhapsodic *Autumn Poem* for horn and piano by Alan Bush; if a composer writes so effectively as this for the melting tone and smooth technique of Dennis Brain, he finds half his work done for him; it is like writing for Farnelli.

Benjamin Britten, whose bare and tender *Lachrymae* for piano and viola (Herbert Downes) had made a perfect introduction to the evening, also contributed the most important novelty in his Third Canticle, a setting of Edith Sitwell's "Still falls the rain" for tenor, horn and piano. The form of this piece is original. The refrain is invariably delivered in a sorrow-laden hieratic recitative, turning in and back on itself after small excursions of a semitone or a tone above or below the starting point. Between each appearance of the refrain, horn and piano execute a series of increasingly bold variations, in one of which the horn indulges in fiery chromatic runs; at the end, horn and voice move together in equal note-values but in contrary motion, suggesting, by a device similar to that of the two voices in *Abraham and Isaac*, the voice of God. The nature of the poem (a meditation on the raids of 1940) is such as to preclude the childlike and profound lyricism to be found in Britten's two earlier Canticles; but the new piece is no less masterly in its translation of a poetic idea into musical shapes that are strange and new, yet seemingly inevitable.

At last Sunday's London Symphony Orchestra concert at the Festival Hall, Hermann Scherchen introduced to London Humphrey Searle's *The Riverrun*. This setting of the final pages of Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* is one of a trilogy of works for speaker and orchestra, and left us with renewed admiration for the composer's powers, tempered with regret that he has chosen so self-effacing a medium. Joyce's pantheistic vision of the river Liffey dying and renewing herself in the arms of her "cold mad father", the sea, and dreaming of the day when she first came down out of her "great blue bedroom", the sky, has drawn from the composer a richly lyrical, varied and elaborate orchestral score, based on a clearly apprehensible note-row of three descending four-note sequences; but except in the brief instrumental interludes we were seldom aware of the music as more than a picturesque background to the vivid declamation of Miss Jean St. Clair. Wheedling, swaggering, teasing, dreaming, ranting, pruning, she gave the virtuoso performance Joyce needs, and may have revealed to many listeners, for the first time in their lives, the power and scope of his poetic genius. But for long stretches she and Joyce between them almost obliterated the subtle and sensitive music. When Anna Livia Plurabelle paused and we were once more free to attend to the composer's voice, we realised sadly how much we had been missing. The prolonged combination of speech and music poses problems to which no solution has yet been found.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

LOUIS LE BROCQUY

Le Brocquy is having a one-man show of paintings, studies and tapestries at Gimpels. Four years ago I said that he was one of the most interesting British painters of his generation. I still think so. His work has not changed in any dramatic way, but his treatment of solid forms has become more assured, their planes less brittle. The large painting of *The Family*, naked in their bedroom as they get up, was the centre-piece of his last exhibition, and now, only slightly altered, it is the centre-piece of this one. Most of the other pictures are either of small children asleep or playing, or of men washing or drying themselves. The theme of all of them—even if some are called *Lazarus* or *Resurrection*—is the same. It is—and there is no way of putting it briefly except in a platitude—the mystery of the flesh: the nearness within the nervous system of pain and pleasure: the ambiguity between the body as a cage containing an animal and the body as an expendable servant of the heart: the fact that the same muscles move in the shoulder whether the arm is raised to caress or to do violence.

Such interests might be reminiscent of Watts. But Le Brocquy's cubist-influenced analysis of structure takes him below sentimental appearances. The whittled, divided planes of his figures imply the stresses of the animal; the gentle luminous colour of their flesh and the ordered interleaving of light and space around them imply the rational architecture man builds to house what he treasures. I don't think Le Brocquy completely succeeds in dealing with this theme of conflict, but his work is deeply thought about and felt, and his seriousness forces him to use his draughtsmanship and his good sense of composition as means of investigation: it prevents him "picture-making."

The clue to his partial failure is the outstanding success of one painting in this exhibition, a free adaptation from a picture by Nicholas Maes of children playing with a goat in a wood. This painting has a Poussin-like formality to it. Each figure has its appointed niche in the landscape, each movement is "received" by another, but at the same time the sharp angular drawing gives the whole picture a lean, nervous energy. It has the quality of a ritual dance, staged and yet intense. By contrast, many of the other works fail because they are *not* staged, because their settings are too informal and casual for their content. The sort of ambiguity that Le Brocquy is interested in is, after all, one of the constant themes of great Drama. When this theme is robbed of its epic form its significance is distorted. The Minotaur would look either silly or horrifying having a bath.

One might argue that Rembrandt or Chardin could take the most everyday scene and through it comment on any human conflict or dilemma. But their comment always remained an understatement and their works are so profoundly moving just because of that, because one senses all that is staked behind a woman teaching a child to read or walk. Le Brocquy feels too violently (or desperately) to be content with understatements; for him the stakes must be displayed. The man drying his back with a towel *becomes* a crucified figure. Yet such a juxtaposition of ideas, when so definitely stated, makes the Crucifixion meaningless and the incident of the man drying himself absurd. One can see what Le Brocquy means but the result is too emotionally claustrophobic—one cannot help thinking that he crams all his feelings into the bathroom because he does not know where else to put them. Like most of us, he is in need of a mythology. Nor is this only a question of content; many of his works are equally contradictory in form: their analysis of structure is intellectual and objective, whereas their description of atmosphere and expression is emotional and highly subjective.

I would like to add, however, that the fact that one can discuss Le Brocquy in these terms at all is a tribute to his rare honesty, that some of his pictures of children (because the dramas of children are naturally more ambiguous) do succeed, and that his decorative tapestry of a goat is the best I have seen produced by an English artist.

John Berger

LOOK AND LISTEN

I do not think I have seen a better programme of its kind, or one of greater social importance, than the latest edition of the *Special Enquiry* series, *Has Britain a Colour Bar?* It was obviously topical, put together with real imagination, and deeply felt. Here was TV doing what one always hopes it will do, acting as the conscience of the nation. Moreover, owing to the particular circumstances in which the problem has raised its nasty head in this country, the programme was able to show us the growth of colour prejudice in almost laboratory conditions. The scene was Birmingham—as it happened, a Birmingham covered with snow—and Birmingham is the principal magnet for immigrants both from the West Indies and from Pakistan. Now Birmingham, certainly until the war, was a city where colour was almost entirely unknown: a handful of coloured doctors, one or two Chinese laundrymen, and that was all; any other men and women in the streets who were not obviously pinko-grey one put down automatically as students. And even now, in terms of statistics, the coloured population is not large—perhaps ten thousand in a population of well over a million. But the incursion has been recent, rapid and continuous, so much so as scarcely to have given Birmingham time to adjust itself to this unprecedented situation. And, it must be admitted, the situation is bewildering. One of the most interesting scenes in the programme showed Moslems at prayer. Moslems

who, from the evidence of their clothes, had just knocked off the shift. Welsh chapels are one thing; but a mosque in Brum! Fantastic.

The programme exposed something very ugly. One had the impression of a sullen and at times hysterical xenophobia which yet had the grace to be ashamed of itself. Mr. René Cutforth, who was the television reporter in Birmingham, has written in *Picture Post* on his experiences working on the programme; he met very few people in the city who were willing to admit that they themselves suffered from colour-prejudice or were at all eager to come out with it in front of the cameras. Perhaps the most significant fact in the programme was one, for obvious reasons, merely reported to us. There are some three hundred coloured drivers and conductors working on the municipal buses; but when the television team went to one bus garage hoping to interview workers there, they found themselves barred from entry and faced with the threat of a one-day strike if they as much as took a picture inside. Probably the most depressing thing of all was the spectacle of trade union leaders having to defend and attempt to justify their members' xenophobia.

Obviously the sudden dumping down into a very insular community of ten thousand people of different colour, customs and beliefs does raise genuine problems, and these the programme faithfully reflected. For many of the White people interviewed, these were problems of economics and housing. No doubt they are real, yet the total impression the programme made was that they were rationalisations, rationalisations of attitudes of mind inadmissible to the public view. It was at this point that the integrity of the programme showed itself, with an interview between Mr. Cutforth and a medical psychologist, who brought out the unconscious bases of colour-prejudice or colour-fear. Since these are largely unflattering to the *amour-propre* of the conscious mind it is as well that they should be plainly stated in a programme of this kind. They were.

Where *Has Britain a Colour Bar?* was somewhat unfair, it struck me, was in reporting so little about the official attempts the city authorities are making to cope with the problem. We had to return to London to find the decent liberal attitude being expressed, by the Mayor of Lambeth, a borough which also has its colour difficulties.

The obvious importance of the programme was that it laid bare the existence of an ugly and inflamed spot in the minds of most of us that we shrink from acknowledging. But I think its importance went beyond that, for it showed by implication the split that can exist between official policy on a subject and private attitudes towards it. Officially, we have no colour-bar: a Negro from Jamaica is a British citizen, and that is that; and I imagine that certainly no Labour M.P. and very few Tories either have anything but decent liberal views on colour. What sticks in my mind is the attitude of the bus crews at the Hockley bus garage in Birmingham and the trade union secretaries who spoke for them.

Well, if television still needs any justification, *Has Britain a Colour Bar?* justified it, and I think all connected with the programme deserve congratulation. It was, I suppose, the merest chance that it appeared during the week when the Commonwealth Prime Ministers met in London: it surely had its relevance to that meeting. One fully realises the difficulties of course, but I wish we could have seen more of those Prime Ministers. As it was, we had two editions of *Press Conference*, one with Mr. Menzies being interviewed, the other with Sir Godfrey Huggins. I found them both enormously interesting. Mr. Menzies was a superb performer: not even the gadfly tactics of Mr. James Cameron questioning him on Formosa could sting him out of his humorous and rocklike imperturbability. I suppose because Rhodesia has not yet been granted full dominion status Sir Godfrey had to be content with only two interviewers instead of the usual four. Were they a bit easy with him? I think they were. I could have done with a gadfly, with Mr. Cameron in fact. All the same, it was enlightening enough: Sir Godfrey's attitude of merry cynicism—there seem no other words for it—spoke volumes on the subject of the immediate prospects of the African in the new Federation.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"A Pistol Shot," at the National Film Theatre
"The Anna Cross," at the Berkeley
"There's No Business Like Show Business," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Young at Heart," at Warner's

First the classics. Pushkin comes to us in rather a roundabout manner, with Italian actors and an Italian director, Renato Castellani, who has wheedled prettiness out of an astringent anecdote. Originally, *The Pistol Shot* confined itself to the naked clash of wills. Two men have met on a duelling ground; one can't miss, the other defies him by eating cherries and spitting out the stones. But the fatal shot is withheld, and years later when the reckless one is about to marry, his creditor comes to claim his shot—and still cannot triumph. Perhaps there is not quite enough here for a film: it all depends on the humdrum surroundings of soldiering, steel discipline, and an acrid Romanticism of tone. I'm not sure, though, that it couldn't be done; and usually, with the masters, literal is best.

The film frills out into bevies of girls, picnics, balls, boar hunts, trips to Italy. Billiards becomes strangely important, and love. The two love the same girl. Well, it makes a story, if not, it must be confessed, very much of a one; the end especially doodles off into parting and coming together, snow, church, piano music. The general effect is that of an Ophuls film that has missed its way: how much better *his* duels,

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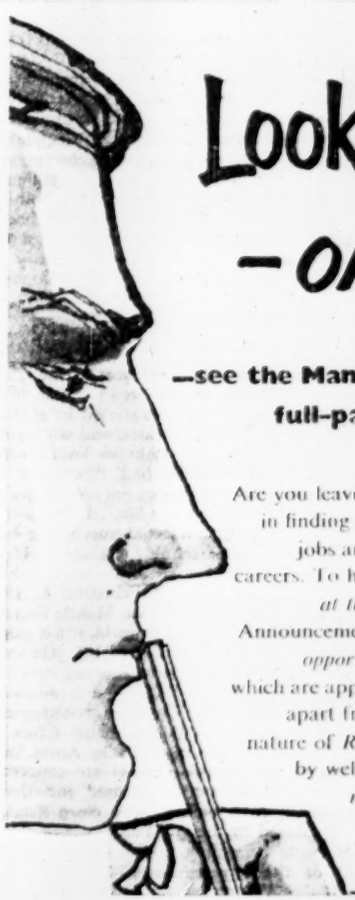
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lovers, and romantic detail would have been! However, we get used to Italianate Russians, much of the period stuff is endearing, and though neither characters nor plot thicken quite as they should, the whole thing pleases the eye and transmits a grain of the Pushkin magic. Our own *Queen of Spades*, by the way, picked a better story and made more of it; but I would not dissuade anyone from seeing and, I'm sure, up to a point enjoying a sensitive piece of Russerie.

The Russians themselves have done Chekhov: one of his minor tales that gains more than one might expect from following the original and interpolating only mild caricature. A beautiful girl marrying a rich old civil servant, meaning to help her family, but becoming a fashionable flirt—the irony is seized on with zest, and both of the principal figures come vigorously to life. There seems to be satisfaction as well as contempt in the scenes of bourgeois pleasure. *The Anna Cross* isn't half so elegantly made as Castellani's film, but I enjoyed it more, and really Arensky-Chekhov is quite a good variation.

And so—or, not so—to musicals. *There's No Business Like Show Business* is the bigger, flashier, noisier; most of the time, if you close your eyes—as I found myself several times doing—you seem to be listening to weasels in tins; but then the rhythm changes, there are hiccups, it's someone making known his decision to be a priest. He gurks a lyrical "Only Believe": only believe, it seems, and you'll get to heaven. The theology seems wry. Then there are agonies of tonsillitis; what's to be seen is Miss Marilyn Monroe, in a Beardsley style adapted to chocolate-box, wooing a sofa. Irving Berlin churns up "Alexander's Rag-Time Band" for the bagpipes. There's a bit of dancing, some music hall, and that's about all.

Young At Heart is mild by comparison, if more tedious: Frank Sinatra in sad-monkey mood is hard to bear indeed, and song business apparently leads to wrong pairings and threats of suicide. There is a most lamentable absence of wit, prettiness, charm, gaiety, and sense in both these pieces which may strike any outsider as incredibly old-fashioned. Only the wide screen and the weird acoustics are new: and, to come out with my own little ditty—"I'm not stereophonically yours."

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Rival Traviatas

La Traviata is a sure box office draw: we need hardly fuss because last Monday it was to be heard at both London houses. In time, no doubt, we shall have a well-planned repertory, a single production and a single company, when one Flora, one Douphol and one Gastone will serve for both houses. At present Sadler's Wells borrow the Covent Garden Gastone for their Alfredo—a good, well trained comprimario without the personality of the company's own leading tenors. No, but we must fuss because Covent Garden's *Traviata*, for year after year, remains so wretched. Swedish, Swiss and Austrian prima donnas have been heard in the leading role (Wilma Lipp is currently playing it as a Viennese soubrette); poor things, they swot up a translation which defies English sopranos; they cannot make its phrases tell, and, of course, they leave us stone cold. Perhaps, after a Dutch and a Danish soprano have flopped too, it will be borne in on the management that so long as their *Traviata* continues to rely on guest singers it might as well be given in Italian. John Lanigan, the Covent Garden Alfredo, makes something of "De' miei bollenti spiriti"; Marjorie Shires, the Sadler's Wells Violetta, shows in her confident impersonation the imprint of Joan Cross's coaching, though she crows unpleasantly. Both houses have acceptable Germonts. But both conductors rush the music unfeelingly. The Sadler's Wells performance is better value. Despite everything, Verdi's opera comes over: the sets (though ugly) are not misconceived; the staging (though conventional) is less wrong-headed. Neither production has much idea of elegant behaviour: at Sadler's Wells Alfredo sits on the edge of a tea table (Act II); at Covent Garden Violetta jumps up on the sofa (Act I).

A. P.

Correspondence

PRICE FIXING

SIR,—To make the picture clearer, may I please expand your statement that "the British Motor Trade Association compels retailers to sell to the public at the price the manufacturer has determined"? This word "determined" could so easily mislead. Car manufacturing is highly competitive, and price depends primarily upon cost of production and not on a manufacturer's fiat. We can take it that any manufacturer will do his best to produce a car to outsell rivals. Having done so, he passes the product along the distributive and retail channels.

Manufacturers and "the trade" jointly decide what percentage of the selling price shall be retained at the various stages through which the car passes to the customer. These percentages are fixed in relation to costs at each stage. For illustration, take the local garage proprietor. As a seller he has responsibilities to the customer and must therefore control more or less expensive equipment for servicing the car after sale; he must lock up capital in an adequate supply of spare parts; and his premises must conform to standards of spaciousness and efficiency. All these costs have to be met out of his percentage, which is determined by negotiation between manufacturer and "trade."

If any one garage were to sell cars below list price it might quickly increase turnover at the expense of competitors whose businesses would drop to a subsistence level (or disappear). As a result the motorist would no longer find a reasonable spread of good garages where he could get fuel, spare parts, air, and the rest. In short, the St. Bernard dog might be on the spot but the brandy flask would be empty.

It seems to me that the medieval idea of a "fair price" is still worth pursuing. Once established, let competition be as brisk as you please in attentiveness, ingenuity, cleanliness, promptitude, and so on. Everybody knows why Japanese cotton undercuts Lancashire. A "fair price" guarantees the living standard of the trader.

Another point in your article needs much space to discuss so I merely raise the question: Why is it stated that "private courts . . . are an intolerable abuse of one of the most fundamental principles of a free society"? Neither doctor nor solicitor myself, I had always thought that the domestic tribunals operated by these two professions (amongst others) were altogether in the public interest. If such bodies enforce standards of behaviour by very severe penalties, why should not the motor industry do so in its different plane?

W. L. RICKETTS

Woolhouse, Redford, Midhurst, Sussex.

LAWRENCE AND THE ARABS

SIR,—There is one important facet of the T. E. Lawrence legend which has not been touched, so far as I am aware, in the discussion started by Richard Aldington's book. I mean the idea, still widespread in Left-wing circles which ought to know better, that Lawrence felt that he had "betrayed the Arabs" and that this was at least part of the reason for his retirement from public life. It is hard to understand how this notion could survive an hour with Lawrence's letters, so ably edited by David Garnett.

Writing to Robert Graves, February 4, 1935, Lawrence exclaims: "How well the Middle East has done: more than any part of the world, it has gained from that war" (i.e., the war of 1914-18). On October 22, 1929, he had already written to the American Professor, William Yale: "It is my deliberate opinion that the Winston Churchill settlement of 1921-22 (in which I shared) honourably fulfils the whole of the promises we made to the Arabs, in so far as the so-called British spheres are concerned. . . . Winston's settlement so pleased me that I withdrew wholly from politics, with clean hands, I think, and enlisted in the Air Force, where I have the happiness to be, still."

Perusal of the letters shows that Lawrence's criticism of the 1919 settlement in the Middle East, like Lord Beaverbrook's, flowed not from any sympathy with Arab aspirations to genuine independence but from awareness that it was untenable. To hold Mesopotamia as a sort of additional Indian province, through British officials and British troops, just could not be done, and the attempt to do it must end in chaos. The rebellion of 1920 proved him right; and "the Winston Churchill settlement of 1921-22" substituted a new regime, in which the "Kingdom of Iraq" was governed on British imperialism's behalf by Arab feudalists who graciously permitted the R.A.F. to occupy bases at Shaiba and Habbaniya. This proved a method of ruling the Middle East at once effective and inexpensive, with an economy of British life and money.

When the Iraqi Arabs revolted against the Churchill-Lawrence system they were duly bombed into submission, according to plan. Lawrence observed on this subject, in a letter to Liddell Hart, June 26, 1930: "It is, of course, infinitely more merciful than police or military action, as hardly anyone is ever killed—and the killed are as likely to be negligible women and children as the really important men." The cynicism of this remark makes unsurprising Lawrence's reference in a later letter (to Ernest Thurtle, M.P., March 6, 1935) to the "'bombing plane'—now a term of abuse, but the only democratic weapon."

Lawrence's anti-French attitude, it is interesting to note, was derived from a more fundamental enmity to Russia, which ante-dated the October Revolution. France was the enemy because she was Russia's ally; that he makes clear already in 1915 (*Letters of T. E. Lawrence*, p. 182). A factor in his dislike of the French occupation of Syria in 1918-19 was that he feared France would drive the Arabs into alliance with Kemal, an alliance which, though beginning as anti-French, would all too probably become anti-British as well—and behind Kemal Lawrence saw Soviet Russia and the prospect of a "Moslem edition of Bolshevism." (*Ibid.*, pp. 289-290.) From Karachi, Lawrence wrote to Churchill's secretary, (Sir) Edward Marsh, June 10, 1927, of the new light in which Kemal's Turkey appeared to him then: "Turkey will be very strong soon and should be our ally, if common interests make for anything. . . . Russia interests me greatly. The clash is bound to come, I think."

BRIAN PEARCE

LABOUR AND FORMOSA

SIR,—Public opinion polls show that Mr. Attlee has not only the overwhelming majority of the Labour Party but of the nation behind him in his demand for a British warning to the United States that we shall refuse to follow them into a war with China over Formosa. For years U.S. policy in the Far East has brought us steadily nearer to a world war, while U.S. policy in Europe has piled up arms and sabotaged every attempt to negotiate peace. So far, the U.S. "preventive war" leaders have failed to turn successive crises—in Korea, Indo-China, Quemoy and now Formosa—into a full-scale assault on China that would have touched off a world war. But each time their margin of failure has been narrower, their position stronger, the resulting situation worse and more dangerous.

In Formosa, Admiral Radford and the rest of the advocates of preventive war in the Pentagon, Congress, the China Lobby and the Administration have won a partial victory over President Eisenhower. That is why Formosa may be the last crisis, the one that tips mankind over the edge into radio-active disintegration. It will be, unless we make it the last fling of the "preventive war" school in the United States. Experience in Korea and Formosa has shown that the one thing that will pull them up is the prospect of having to fight alone if they go to war with China. The "preventive war and no-peace-at-any-price" politicians and military men in the U.S. fear the military consequences of fighting a major war without the bases, resources and manpower of their European allies and their Empires. They fear even more being stripped of their moral "United Nations" and "defence" camouflage and repudiated by the many millions in America who want peace. But those of us who back Mr. Attlee's refusal to be dragged into war because the Ameri-

cans want to keep Formosa as their defence outpost must be clear about where we stand, and must will the means as well as the end. The situation is too serious for bluff, ambiguity or half-measures.

To begin with, if we really want to deter the Americans from starting a world war in the Far East, we must also warn them that we will not join in, even if the Soviet Union goes to the assistance of her Chinese ally, as she is bound to do. A refusal to fight China carries with it a refusal to fight the Soviet Union in that war. If we mean business with that double refusal, the British warning that we will not be drawn into war over Formosa must be amplified and made effective by the following measures:

(1) Work for a cessation of hostilities around Formosa on the basis of the island being militarily neutralised and given a measure of self government, under Chinese sovereignty but with a degree of U.N. supervision; Chiang and his adherents who did not want to stay being exported elsewhere by the United States; and China being admitted to the United Nations and its Security Council.

(2) Warn the Americans that if they refused this basis of settlement and subsequently became involved in war with China they would be denied the use of British bases in Asia and the Pacific.

(3) U.S. forces in this country would be told to leave and kept out of action pending their evacuation.

(4) American appeals to the collective defence obligations of Seato, Nato and the West European Union would be rejected, on the ground that the United States was not a victim of aggression.

In preparation for these measures we should begin now to concert our policy in Asia with India and her associates; negotiate with the members of the West European Union, and with the Soviet Union and her European allies for agreements on (a) keeping any Far Eastern war out of Europe, (b) German unification, c) European security, (d) peaceful co-existence. The Labour leaders should summon emergency conferences of the Labour Party and the European and Asian Socialist parties to secure the maximum support for this policy, before it is too late to save peace.

C. ZELLIACUS

PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT

SIR,—May I try further to indicate how serious a social problem this is?

Nearly half our hospital beds are for psychiatric disorder. Outside hospital, moderate estimates suggest that half the ill-health doctors treat is largely or entirely of emotional origin. In addition, a psychological component is becoming recognisable in a widening range of diseases that hitherto have seemed purely organic.

Despite all this, the doctor still receives little more training in psychopathology than a veterinary surgeon. One consequence is the nation's staggering bill for scientifically nonsensical prescription of drugs by general practitioners. Another is the uninstructed, if well-meaning meddling, complained of in your columns, that people referred for psychiatric treatment may suffer.

Therefore, I cannot share Mr. Robinson's satisfaction with the situation. Admittedly, mental hospitals are becoming humane but he is mistaken in assuming they are miraculously transformed. Asylum medical officers and attendants do not readily in six years become psychiatrists and mental nurses except in name.

With regard to out-patient clinics, Mr. Robinson misses my point that while they have sprung up everywhere, it is usually without personnel capable of the trained and penetrating understanding that is the elementary requirement for treating troubled minds. I did not suggest that every maladjusted person needs psycho-analysis, any more than abdominal surgery is needed for every dyspeptic, but he would be perturbed were there no surgeons at all outside the biggest cities. The few neurosis centres he can mention do not touch the fringe of the problem and I cannot accept that psychotherapists in reasonable number are unattainable. Is there such an absolute shortage of intelligence and money in the country, as he suggests, or don't we squander both senselessly?

As for his short-cut cures "around the corner," I am sceptical, not as an orthodox Freudian, but simply because I have witnessed too many futile attempts to cure sexual dysharmony with a few electric convulsions and an invitation to rug making.

MENTAL HOSPITAL DOCTOR

SO THEY SAY . . .

SIR,—In your issue of February 5 your correspondent Queequeg wrote that on January 29 the *Daily Herald* "encouraged by Mr. Attlee's stand," opposed American policy in Formosa, and added: This position had been taken the day before by the *Daily Mirror*.

The facts are that on January 26 the *Herald* criticised editorially the clumsiness of Eisenhower's pronouncement and said there was no point in talking about the "free world's stake in Formosa" because "the free world apart from the United States can have no concern with Formosa except that it should not start a war."

On January 27 the *Herald* leader was headlined "No Backing for Force." It declared: "The British people are quite clear: they want no war over Formosa, and that can be stated as a simple fact. They will not fight for somebody Britain does not recognise."

On January 28 a front page editorial in the *Herald* stated: "What needs to be said is this:

'This country definitely will not become involved, under any pretext, in China's civil war.

'No British soldier, no British ship and not one aeroplane need be expected to intervene on behalf of Chiang Kai-shek'."

On January 29 the *Daily Herald* published the leading article to which your correspondent refers.

Twice in two months your correspondent, commenting on the *Daily Herald*, has got his facts wrong.

SYDNEY ELLIOTT
Daily Herald. *Editor*

[Queequeg did not, on this occasion, "get his facts wrong." Nevertheless we much regret it if an ambiguous phrase implied that the *Daily Herald* was slower than other London newspapers to define its attitude on Formosa. This was not the case; nor was it our intention, or Queequeg's, to suggest it.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM

SIR,—Every economist knows that the standard of life in any country must be temporarily lowered whilst it is employing part of its resources of capital and labour in producing capital goods and will be raised again above the previous level when these capital goods, in the way of factories and machinery, begin to produce consumers' goods. Those who are producing consumers' goods must produce sufficient above their own needs to satisfy the demand of those producing capital goods, whether the country be Capitalist or Socialist.

This is what G. D. H. Cole means when he says that an advanced country would diminish its own standard of life by helping backward peoples to increase theirs. But this would be only temporary, depending on the speed with which the backward country could exploit its own resources with the capital equipment which it would buy with the currency loan given it by the advanced country. This would necessarily take some time, particularly in very under-developed countries with few or no technicians. But this is the point: as soon as the borrowing country begins to produce what it is best fitted to produce, both countries will gain by the greater volume of exchanges. How they will share this increased wealth will depend upon the terms of trade between them.

Britain is in no position to give substantial help to backward countries, because she is spending only a relatively small proportion of the national income on new factories and machines as compared with other countries, thus progressively reducing her competitive power. This, in the long run, could cause Britain to lose some of her overseas markets, and thereby reduce her ability to import food and raw materials. To export some of Britain's too few capital goods to backward countries would thus, as G. D. H. Cole says, seriously diminish her power to improve living standards.

E. S. CHEETAN

AUNT OR ARBITER

SIR,—As members of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, we should like to express our astonishment at Mr. Berger's attack in your last issue, and our disagreement with his categorical statements. It would be easy to refute, with a list of the exhibitions held in the seven years since its foundation, his claim that "the overwhelming bias has been towards the macabre or surrealist." Within the last eighteen months they have included "Recent British Drawings" and the work of Paul Klee, George Keyt, Georges Braque, Victor Pasmore, none of which can be called macabre. He has also ignored the varied and unbiased range of activities in the other arts, concerts, lectures, film shows, discussions, etc.

We do not agree that the "atmosphere" of the I.C.A. is "precious and frantically abnormal." Why should the bar be closed? It provides for members one of the few places in London where over a glass of wine or a cup of coffee those interested in the arts can meet informally. We understand that there are 111,683 art students in England, and think we might find the premises uncomfortably crowded if they were all given free membership, apart from the economic problem involved. As it is, the 15s. reduced subscription for students barely covers the expenses of printing and postage.

Mr. Berger claims that the I.C.A. has become a clique by the desertion of all those who might have helped to make it serious, helpful and truly contemporary. We would like to ask him how he can in good faith make this declaration, since he is one of the few art critics who have consistently limited their visits to those necessary for their profession.

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Books in General

THE PRESS LORD OF LONG ACRE

Our press lords are a mixed bag. If there is a common denominator to the personalities of Lord Layton, Lord Camrose, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Rothermere and Lord Southwood I have yet to trace it. The fact is that men acquire newspapers for a strange variety of reasons, and use the power which proprietorship gives in an even stranger variety of ways.

Consider for instance the case of Julius Salter Elias, the Jewish errand boy who got into a jobbing printer's shop near Covent Garden, transformed it into Odhams Press and became Lord Southwood. Here is an amalgam of Dickens's Golden Dustman and Wells's Mr. Polly—a sharp, kindly, uneducated little clerk with a romantic passion for the printing-press and no very great concern what his presses printed so long as they were fully employed and showing a profit. What mattered to Elias was success, measured by the number of papers, books and periodicals he published and the circulation figures of each of his publications. Starting with a dim little stage paper called *Entre' Acte*, he was soon printing a score of periodicals including the *Racing Pigeon*, Lord Alfred Douglas's *Academy*, *Ally Sloper*, and the highly respectable *Guardian*, whose proprietors threatened to go elsewhere when Odhams took on Horatio Bottomley's *John Bull* as well. But little Elias stood firm.

> Odhams were in the business as printers. They were not arbiters or judges. If they had been making lamp standards, or razor blades, or hair restorers it would not occur to them to inquire if their customers were atheists, Home Rulers or members of the newly formed Labour Party.

In the newspaper world this humble concentration on the business of printing was rare. Almost unnoticed Elias built himself an empire, and in the Twenties had amassed sufficient capital to achieve his dream of proprietorship. He bought a Sunday paper, the *People*, and soon realised that better profits would be made if the presses were used during the week as well. So after first trying the High Tory *Morning Post* and the Liberal *Daily Chronicle*, he did a deal with Ernest Bevin and launched the improved *Daily Herald*. Then came his peerage—granted by Stanley Baldwin, partly at least in return for the decision he made, before consulting the T.U.C. and Mr. Attlee, that the *Daily Herald* should oppose the King's marriage to Mrs. Simpson. After this Lord Southwood—once he had failed to buy the *Star* from Lord Layton—seems to have concentrated on developing his book-publishing and bill-posting interests, and extending the range of his society and women's periodicals; *Woman* and *Illustrated* were two of his new creations. When he died his empire was as odd a collection of scattered bits and pieces as the British Commonwealth itself. It included the *Daily Herald*, the *People* and Debrett; *Sporting Life*, *John Bull*, *Illustrated*, *Woman*, the *Ideal Home*, the *Picturegoer*, *Horse and Hound*, the *Melody Maker*, *Mickey Mouse* and the *Poultry Farmer*; the *Illustrated London News*, the *Tatler*, *Britannia and Eve*; the Tothill Press, which runs a bunch of trade publications, including the *Railway Magazine*; and Dean and Son, which controls the rag books.

The biography of this remarkable man has now been written by Mr. Minney* and published with pious magnificence and a profusion of the dullest photographs imaginable by Odhams Press. In the semi-official circumstances, Mr. Minney has done a very good job. There is an abundance of memorial trappings in characteristic Long Acre style:

> Only one endowed with the spirit of the great Elizabethan adventurers would have gone forth unafraid to conquer vast uncharted seas of endeavour. . . . From that old adapted theatre in Long Acre he sent forth his many barques, bearing the products of the throbbing presses, romance, laughter and dreams to distant homes, to lonely mountain huts, to airless tenements, to lordly mansions, to trains and buses, to fishing smacks and lighthouses, to men and women hurrying to their work, to millions eager for these momentary diversions.

But through this literary fustian—and despite one or two rather feeble attempts to adorn Lord Southwood with some political convictions which could conceivably justify his appointment as a Labour Whip in the House of Lords—a real personality emerges from these pages. He was a very nice and very insignificant little man with a genius for business, who succeeded in the newspaper world just because he realised that he shared the humdrum tastes of millions of potential readers. He liked what they liked, and he employed his superb printing-presses to produce the kind of newspapers and periodicals which he and his devoted wife could read in the evenings at home. His rivals in the N.P.A. might dream of making and unmaking Cabinets and moulding public opinion to their will. Elias was content to give his public exactly what it wanted—not a jot more, not a tittle less—and his only ambition was to smash any competitor who blocked his way.

Mr. Minney makes it clear that he intervened in every aspect of editorial policy except politics (which he considered heavy stuff) and always to the same end. When he took over the *People*, his individual contribution to Sunday journalism was "the confessional series" by men and women who happened to be in the news.

> There were at least three such features in each issue of the *People*, sometimes told by the people involved, at other times written about them . . . It was apparent from the start that the public's interest in these series was intense. Elias used to say: "They are much more important that the news. The public get the news in all the papers, but they *must* buy the *People* for these confessions." . . . Elias had the proofs sent him well in advance. He sat up at night reading through the long galleys. He gave his attention to every detail, noting the action, the emotion, the digressions, and, in marginal notes, marked certain passages for elaboration, others for deletion.

His formula for the *Daily Herald* was not very different. When he took it over he believed that a circulation of one million would be sufficient; but he found that at this level its Labour connections still made it unattractive to advertisers. Therefore by a gigantic canvassing campaign—£3 10s. was paid for each hundred new readers—he advanced to two millions and jettisoned even more of the kind of news he and his readers disliked.

True, "The Daily Herald (1929) Ltd." was formed under an agreement which declared that "there were to be nine directors in all, four representing the T.U.C. and five representing Odhams, one of the Odhams directors being the Chairman, only the T.U.C. directors being allowed to vote on the paper's policy." But the Chairman was Elias, and, although the T.U.C. directors might have the votes which theoretically controlled the paper's policy, he was there fourteen hours a day making all the decisions.

> When Francis Williams came into his room in the morning he found all the principal dailies spread out on the floor. "Look at the front pages," Elias would say. "Just compare one with the other. Do you think ours is the best?" He also had on his desk his own copy of that morning's *Herald*, scrawled all over with his notes. "Take it and look at the odd bits I've written." Williams found that always it was the same urging: Elias wanted the paper to be lighter and brighter. "Make them smile. Cheer them up. The news is grim enough. We ought to have something on every page to lighten their hearts."

Alas! There was still something lacking in the finished product compared with its rival, the *Express*. To meet this deficiency Elias went in for gifts. Having miraculously climbed out of abject poverty to titled affluence, he appreciated the appeal of the Cinderella story and decided that the *Herald* should play the role of Prince Charming. This method of promotion had first occurred to him long before when he took over *John Bull* and personally conducted the Bullets competitions with £500 prizes. Next he made the *People* the first Sunday paper with a free insurance. But his apogee of munificence was attained with the gifts lavished on new *Herald* readers. Although he had signed an agreement with other proprietors outlawing gift schemes, Elias could not be curbed by such legalistic restraints.

> With what some would call shrewdness, though others were critical, he evolved a scheme which he was able to show was not a gift scheme at all, since the public were called upon to pay for what they got. He offered sets of books at a special low price which was only possible because of the large number of copies he printed . . . and so the gift battle went on. . . . Elias offered mackintoshes, flannel trousers, boots and shoes, ladies' underwear, mincing-machines, a fruit service and cutlery.

The picture of the little printer battling against Lord Beaverbrook in a wild carnival of competitive bounty has its charm. But it ended in defeat. Despite the leather-bound sets of Dickens and the fruit services, the Odhams papers were left far behind in the race from the two to the four million mark; and since the war it is the *Mirror* not the *Herald* which has outstripped the *Express*. Before he died Elias was to be eclipsed by an even stranger personality. Bartholomew of the *Mirror* was another self-made man without formal education or political convictions. But, unlike Elias, Bartholomew was concerned to find new ways of persuading the millions not merely to buy his newspapers but to read them. Elias vainly tried to endear the *Herald* to the advertisers by making its

* *Viscount Southwood*. By R. J. MINNEY. *Odhams*. 25s.

Labour politics as respectable and unnoticeable as possible. Bartholomew saw that the British worker is still a radical at heart with a taste for brashness, and forced the advertisers to come to him by winning a vast working-class readership for a paper whose pro-Labour politics are made as sensational and attractive as sex or crime. In the battle for newspaper circulation the huge Odhams organisation has made a very poor showing against the bunch of irreverent Leftist journalists in Fetter Lane.

Nevertheless, Lord Southwood is secure on his pedestal in the Valhalla of the press lords. He was a genuinely kind employer and spent much of his time raising money for the voluntary hospitals, until despite his strenuous protests to Ernest Bevin they were taken over by the National Health Service. At a dinner given in his honour by the Newspapers Benevolent and Provident Institution, Lord Camrose—obviously choosing his words with care—paid him just the right tribute:

> "If I spoke of Mr. Elias as a man in a million, it would be true, but it would be still more correct to speak of him as a man of millions. No newspaper interests him at all unless it runs into millions. He is a GIANT OF BILL-POSTING; a KING OF PRINTERS; a COLOSSUS of COMPETITIONS; a PRINCE among PUBLISHERS."

The two subjects in which Southwood took no interest were indeed politics and news. He was content to remain a business man and like all good business men, he desired not only to make money but to serve the public, and was unaffectedly concerned to make his readers happy. The printed word in his philosophy was a commodity suitable to mass production; so he manufactured and promoted the sales of Odhams's products exactly as though they were Heinz's 57 varieties, or a bunch of detergents. By an irony of history the daily newspaper which he fashioned in accordance with this *reductio ad absurdum* of the capitalist press was the official organ of British Socialism. Like Sir Christopher Wren, it can be said of Lord Southwood—*si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE ORACLE

Out of its great mouth the beast spoke truth,
Discomfiting those who had hoped an oracle less uncouth:
"Hunger," it uttered with a belch, "restores;
After the crop is eaten chew the root:
Sand is my diet and it must be yours.
And thirst"—its harsh voice scoured its copper throat—
"Restores: the dry man sees the vision of palm trees;
Suckled on air, his tent is pitched under the waterfalls.
And love"—the crowd recoiled in horror from the brute,
Loathing the narrow belly's tasselled fertility:
"Back with it to its Mesopotamian swamp!" bawled one;
"Or with your knives tame it to decency!"—
"And love"—its body quivered as it gazed into the sun—
"Restores: love frees the flower lodged in the yearning stone."
And ankle-deep in sand, the land's sole monument,
It still outstares the sun, though the crowd long since has gone.

DOUGLAS GRANT

After the Revolution

Neighbourhood and Community. *Liverpool University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Some Young People. Compiled by PEARL JEPHCOTT. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

The Educational Revolution. By COLM BROGAN. *Muller.* 10s. 6d.

Comprehensive Schools Today. Essays by ROBIN PEDLEY, H. C. DENT, HAROLD SHEARMAN, ERIC JAMES and W. P. ALEXANDER. *Councils and Education Press.* 3s. 6d.

Growing Up in the City. By J. B. MAYS. *Liverpool University Press.* 17s. 6d.

These five books in their different ways produce the sort of facts about contemporary society which are important to those who frame educational and social policy. Collectively, they give the impression that things are not too good. Our fine new educational system is flawed because, as Mr. Brogan says in his warm-hearted, if at times wrong-headed, attack on many aspects of it, "it cannot be stronger or richer than the intellectual, religious and moral strength of the nation itself." There is disagreement among Dr. Pedley and his collaborators as to how the educational system ought to evolve. Virtually all the children brought up in certain social milieux are delinquent in behaviour, and completely unaffected by the interests and standards they should acquire in school (Mr. Mays, in whose most valuable book sympathy does not blunt objectivity). Their intellectual interests appear to "freeze up" when they leave school (Miss Jephcott and her co-researchers). In order to attain respectability, a person has to "restrict the range of his social contacts," and become what others feel to be a snob (the authors of *Neighbourhood and Community*, referring to important and well-executed investigations on new housing estates in Liverpool and Sheffield). These issues merge for me in one question of overriding importance: is the educational revolution initiated by the Act of 1944 making any appreciable difference to the young people now leaving school?

There is now a form of secondary education available for all children, save in certain places where practical difficulties are yet to be overcome. As everyone knows, children are selected at the age of 11+, for the type of education most appropriate to their aptitudes and abilities. About 20 per cent. go to grammar schools where they have an academic education which can lead them to universities; a much smaller percentage go to technical schools; and between 70 to 80 per cent. go to secondary modern schools, where they learn things which should help them to be adequately well-informed citizens. The character and value of the grammar school, and to a lesser extent of technical education, is generally known. But what about the secondary modern schools, which are attended by almost three-quarters of our children? Already many educationists are so dissatisfied with them that they would abolish the tripartite system, and substitute for it the comprehensive school in which every level and type of work would be undertaken, and in which the transfer of a child from one form or stream to another would be facilitated. The main criticisms of the secondary modern school are that what is thought of as a failure to get a "scholarship" to a grammar school, destroys any incentive to take an interest in school work; that selection at eleven is too chancy, and that many children who develop late or are bad examinees, virtually lose their one chance in life of working up to their proper level; that the children get very restive during their last years, feeling that they are merely marking time.

An even more serious social implication is not, perhaps, that selection techniques are inadequate, but that they may become too good. The strength of a nation derives partly from having men of all levels of intelligence at all levels of society. At the moment, of course, the position

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METHUEN

is fairly satisfactory. A very able child will go up, a very stupid one—whatever his background—will go down, which makes for cross-fertilisation between the different segments of society without the dangers either of excessive fluidity or of rigid stratification. It is not impossible however that in a couple of generations there will never be a bricklayer, a farm labourer, or a porter, with an I.Q. of over 85, while conversely there will never be a Member of Parliament who started life as a factory-hand or a miner. Social stratification in terms of hereditary wealth and position, with all its faults, may still be preferable to a Brave New World-ish division by Intelligence Quotient.

It is perhaps because the comprehensive school foreshadows a more genuine classless society, that it is advocated by the Labour party. But the enemies of this *Gleichschaltung* oppose it on educational rather than political grounds, affirming cogently that the merging of all types of school will inevitably lower the standards of teaching upon which depends the essential supply of highly educated man-power. This, of course, is very controversial, for there are few comprehensive schools, and their advantages are largely hypothetical. On the other hand, a good deal is known about the state of our children as a whole, and this brings us back directly to the books under consideration. If they give a fair picture, and there is reason to suppose that they do, a vast majority of children have failed to profit from what should have been unprecedented opportunities. They are apathetic, except about football, the opposite sex, the pictures, and—in one area of Liverpool—get their greatest thrill from near-criminal activity; they read little except comics, they know virtually nothing of religion or world affairs. Nevertheless, they are nice children, friendly, kind-hearted, intensely loyal to their own group of friends, and by no means stupid. Is the system to blame? In fact, it seems extremely unlikely that these young people would have been any different had they gone to comprehensive rather than any other types of schools. It is also improbable that the teachers themselves are at fault. The teaching profession as a whole deserves, and seldom gets, the praise and gratitude of the nation. How about the parents? But the parents live under the terms of their own society, and one cannot, fairly, lay too much blame on individuals for following generally accepted attitudes.

The unpalatable truth is that the English are not particularly interested in learning, except the middle classes, for which it is a means of entering the professions. There is a tradition of amiable contempt for the academic in the upper social levels and the lower ones do not, as a whole, value education for itself. It is interesting to remember their outcry against the introduction of compulsory education in 1870. The Scots, by contrast, have always respected learning, and although in this country we have scraped the bottom of the barrel in admitting students to the universities, there are proportionately twice as many Scottish graduates as English.

All this suggests that our educational problems are not merely to be thought of in terms of the success or failure of one or another system of schooling, so much as in deep-seated national attitudes and aspirations. Changes in attitude towards the value of education cannot come simply through changes in the organisation of schooling, but are inseparable from changes in the wider field. Nevertheless, educationists are in a particularly good position to lead these changes, and have a duty to assess their consequences, for assuredly, if we become an academically-minded nation, major and unexpected shifts of attitude will also take place in other directions. The work of social scientists will help us to predict these shifts, but cannot tell us whether they are good or bad. Goodness and badness are not scientific concepts, although we live our lives in terms of them.

ADAM CURLE

Works and Days

A Victorian Boyhood. By L. E. JONES. *Macmillan.* 18s.

The Worcester Account. By S. N. BEHRMAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Still Digging. By SIR MORTIMER WHEELER. *Michael Joseph.* 15s.

There is a natural order in these books, only one must decide which way to take them—whether to start off with the dimmest and work up, or with the stiffest and climb down. On this point I have reached a painful deadlock. Therefore, as reason seems to say it is all one, and as I read them in ascending order of solidity, I shall just stick to that.

A Victorian Boyhood looks as dim as possible. The title has no character; even the blurb, with its "agreeable piece of Victoriana," its "hierarchic routine of a Norfolk manor in the Nineties," suggests agreeable small beer. But the first page is a surprise; it is about the author's grandfather, who had been crossed in love, and never laughed again—but wrote a book on the *Inerrancy of Scripture*. Here he explained the Trinity in diagram; it was so easy, too—but I shall have to skip the demonstration. In fact this mild, unhopeful-looking little work proves to be chock-full of quotations one will have to skip.

It is the most personal record of the three: a record of the young idea, the inner life—though, certainly, not in a void. The Norfolk manor and Victoriana have their proper charm, but they are only *milieu*; whereas ambition and religion are of the essence. Though the ambition was innate, while the religion (then) was other people's. And how it took, appears exactly in the anecdote of a young brother who, when invited to some "Sunday reading," replied, "If it's anything about Jethuth, I'd rather not come." At which his seniors were much shocked, though privately of the same mind. The author ought to have grown up a "humanist"—only he didn't. Nor (one may reasonably guess) did he grow up a savage: in spite of his disgust at "Little lamb, who made thee?" and corresponding rapture with *Far Off, or Asia Described* ("Horrible as were the massacrees of Lucknow, still more horrible were the massacrees of Cawnpory . . . .") The tale of his ambition is more curious, and is complete in one volume. Briefly, it had no bounds; yet it was quenched at Eton by satiety. The Eton chapter, analytical but glowing, may be a shade too long—and for "abroad" I have no space. In fact there is no space for anything; this is a book to read, not talk about. The author wishes it a modest future in the sixpenny box; which, when you come to think of it, is immortality at its most charming. And I can imagine hardly any find that would give more delight.

It is again a boy's world that confronts us in *The Worcester Account*; but here the family, the whole community, the human drama have more importance that the "self," which sometimes fades out altogether. And so the time-limit is indistinct; when he was grown and gone, there was still plenty to wind up.

Though now, alas, that whole world must have faded out; it was a warm, dark little pocket of ancestral Jewry, in a raw citadel of progress. At school, the writer found himself an American boy; at home he had no background except Lithuania, and a "veiled, ancient and unhappy past." One can't blame him for getting mixed, thinking the pogroms tedious and the Great Theme, which reached its climax on Yom Kippur, an oppressive load, and longing passionately to escape. And yet, what a good life it seems! These were poor Jews, none poorer than the Behrman family—"My father never, even by Providence Street standards, made a living." But "he knew his Black Dots." He was a scholar, wrapped up in the one thing needful. This gave him status and prestige; and what he dreaded for his son was

not material want, but metaphysical incontinence—the perils of speculation on infinity, or the true name of God. Undoubtedly, the Great Theme raised the tone of life. That it was no bar to vitality and humour, we learn from all manner of episodes—of which the funniest is Dr. Abercrombie on the trolley-car. I defy anyone to read this chapter steadily, aloud.

It is impossible to think of Sir Mortimer Wheeler and the sixpenny box in the same breath. One wouldn't dare—to put it shortly. Or in other words, one can't regard *Still Digging* as just a "piece of literature," a book on its own merits, though if the actual record were more personal, this *a priori* feeling might wear out. But it is scarcely personal at all. Childhood is rapidly disposed of. Private concerns hardly exist. Indeed, there would be little room for them, in such a crowded history of work and war. The writer enjoyed war, and makes no bones about it. Here he has two "War Interludes," of which the second is the longer, the more luminous (since it contains a sheaf of letters from the front), much the best value, and, to my mind, the second wind of the whole "scrap-book." And always, when not fighting, he was hard at work. He has a gospel of activity, a passion for it, and (one can see) a violent preference for bigger jobs. It seems he can't have too much on his plate. Although *Still Digging* is unintimate in substance, yet it vibrates with energy and personality; while as a book it grows on one all through—and most decidedly in the last phase. I am not merely ignorant of digging, but invincibly ignorant, and look at "sites" with a glazed eye; here I began with toil, but in the Indian chapters I was spellbound. The author's role of torch-bearer, out to inflame the young, and shed a glimmer of enlightenment on the great masses, is of course easier to grasp. And some apparently hold it against him. It would be affectation to ask why; experts (including, as it were, platonic experts) tend to display a sacred horror of "publicity." But to the vulgar mind, this brilliant, cordial profession of it is extremely taking.

K. John

What Are Men to Rocks and Mountains?

The Lakers: The Adventures of the First Tourists. By Norman Nicholson. *Robert Hale.* 18s.

Although the fashion for the Lakes had been anticipated by a few tourists in the fifties and sixties of the eighteenth century, who used the picturesque idiom derived from Claude, Poussin and Salvator to portray the scenery of Windermere and Keswick Lake in poems, prose and pictures, it was not till the visits of Arthur Young and Thomas Gray in the late 1760s that it really became the rage. From then on the Lake District became the most visited, most described and most sketched part of the British Isles. By the end of the century Miss Austen was gently satirising the craze by making Elizabeth Bennet cry in rapture "What are men to rocks and mountains?" and the comic opera guying the "Lakers," from which Mr. Nicholson take, the title of his book, had been published.

The dust-jacket and the sub-title are both misleading. The commonplace posteresque view on the jacket suggests just one more commonplace book about the Lakes. It is not. Nor is its scope limited to "the adventures of the first tourists." It is, as its author says, "not a book about the Lakes, but about the way people look at the Lakes." Mr. Nicholson describes and discusses with vigour, sympathy and wit, the whole question of man's changing view of the changeless rocks and mountains, from the visits of the first tourists to the present day.

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lished liar, collecting his journalistic material and presenting it with the cunning of a confidence trickster; William Gilpin, the inveterate pedagogue, reproving the fells and dales for not being correctly picturesque; Gray, nervous, sensitive and sophisticated, seeing in the early morning hoar-frost melting and exhaling in a bluish smoke, or the shadows of clouds sailing slowly over Saddleback, far more than he could ever condense in his tinted Claude-glass; Joseph Budworth, robust and extrovert, lamenting, after a phenomenal meal, how formidable the ascent of Helm Crag looked "not less so . . . from having a complete bellyful" and later starting all the trouble about Mary the Beauty of Buttermere; Peter Crosthwaite, a dalesman cashing in on the fashion, self-styled Admiral at Keswick Regatta, Guide, Pilot, Geographer and Hydrographer to the Nobility and Gentry who make the Tour of the Lakes, being himself the most intriguing curiosity in his curious museum. There is, of course, Wordsworth, but not the poet so much as the author of the *Guide to the Lake District* being asked by a well-meaning clergyman if he had ever written anything else; the other Lake Poets, "offcomers" to the end; Dorothy Wordsworth, a particular favourite, observing the detail of the natural scene and lovingly recording it with a sparkling precision supreme "among all the immeasurable mileage of Lake District prose"; some children unconsciously seeing through the eyes of Ruskin as they gaze at a piece of quartz golden and glittering in the museum at Coniston and comment "Smashing, isn't it?"; Harriet Martineau poking her umbrella through the glass case which enshrines the Lakes, fighting for better sanitary conditions for the people who live there.

Miss Martineau is Mr. Nicholson's last historical character, and he uses her to point his moral:

> she realised that to condemn the people of the Lakes to an unnatural, archaic existence in an artificial, preserved countryside was both economically absurd and morally wrong. To subjugate man to the scenery was to de-humanise him, to treat him as no more than a thing. To reduce the world to a mere picture was the primary heresy of the Picturesque; to reduce man to the scale of that picture was its ultimate folly.

In his last chapter Mr. Nicholson puts Miss Bennet's question in a new form, "What should be the relationship of man to rocks and mountains?" The post-industrial cults of nature—"The Picturesque, the Romantic, the Athletic—are all symptoms of a diseased society, a consumptive's gasp for fresh air. They have arisen because modern man has locked himself off from the natural life of the land." Mr. Nicholson hints at salvation in a closer relationship with the "life-bringing, life-supporting rhythms of nature." But though his discussion of these complex problems is as fascinating as the rest of the book it provides no answer to what may well be an unanswerable question.

The illustrations are well chosen, but are limited to eight from picturesque and romantic prints made between 1761 and 1832 and nine from photographs. A comparison between them shows how sadly the camera can lie. By understatement it distorts just as much as the picturesque draughtsman distorted by over-statement. Westall's view of Derwentwater suggests colour, texture and atmosphere better than any of the photographs, and it is interesting to see how little, apart from the foray going on in the foreground, Allom's view of Honnister Crag is gingered up, when compared with the photograph of the same scene. I wish there had been a few more pictures to illustrate the middle years—perhaps one of Turner's romantic visions and a drawing by Ruskin.

Mr. Nicholson has let his illustrations and a "List of some Prints and Illustrated Books of the Period" speak for themselves and has not discussed the actual work of the artists. If he was writing about the way people look at the Lakes, how could he have resisted mentioning Francis Towne, who was there in 1786, looking at them with a keenness of observation as remarkable as Dorothy Wordsworth's and recording them in pictures which are something quite outside the pattern of picturesque topography? And surely the actual pictures of the topographical draughtsmen were a more important influence on the formation of the picturesque attitude of mind and the picturesque turn of phrase than Mr. Nicholson suggests. There is an excellent "Picturesque Bibliography" and an inadequate index.

PETER BICKNELL

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British Nationalisms

Welsh and Scottish Nationalism. By REGINALD COUPLAND. *Collins.* 25*s.*

The late Sir Reginald Coupland was a distinguished historian of the British Empire from a point of view that might be described (as the policies of Asquith and Rosebery at the time of the Boer War were described) as Liberal Imperialism: *Imperium* of a high-minded sort abroad and *libertas* at home. In this last book of his, written as a prelude to a series of studies of the newer nationalisms within the Commonwealth, it is the liberal rather than the imperialist who is in control. If there is such a thing, Sir Reginald was not only a British patriot but an English nationalist, yet his nationalism was of a singularly inoffensive sort. He agrees with Mazzini that the existence of a nation is a continuing moral task and that the nations must be judged by what they have given to mankind. Great Britain had defended the liberties of Europe against Louis XIV and Napoleon and Hitler, had taught subject nations the lessons of liberty, and given them models of parliamentary government. These were things for an Englishman to be particularly proud of, and perhaps today for all British people to share pride in; but Sir Reginald also thought it right of the Scots to be proud of having preserved their independence so long, of having sacrificed so much for religious liberty, and right of the Welsh to be proud of having preserved, to such a large degree, their language and individual culture. He wanted Great Britain to have moral unity, but not cultural uniformity. The central problem he is considering throughout this book is whether today the Welsh and Scottish national cultures can be preserved without the Principality's and the Kingdom's having devolved upon them at least a quasi-statal existence.

Devolved! The word "devolution," for students of modern British parliamentary history, has associations at once multifarious and dreary: election kites, inconclusive debates, abortive Bills, Speaker's Conferences that come to nothing; and behind all this, from the days of Joseph Chamberlain to those of Asquith and Lloyd George, the pervading sense of a dodge—"Home Rule All Round"—for giving the Southern Irish less than they want by means of giving the Welsh something they do not want passionately and the Scots something they perhaps do not really want at all. What the Welsh really wanted, and got in the end, was Disestablishment, university colleges, protection of the Welsh language. If the Scots M.P.s had organised themselves like the Irish, they could have had Devolution if they wanted it. At the best they were tepid; and, in fact, parliamentary spokesmen of the great Glasgow business interests, like Sir Halford Mackinder, loathed the idea of being bossed from Edinburgh. Thus it is hard to think of all the discussion of Devolution from the 1880s to the 1920s as more than a kind of talking to gain time. The subject was sharply dropped once the Southern Irish were really independent.

Devolution is certainly not what extreme Welsh or Scottish Nationalists, like Mr. Saunders Lewis or Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid, want now; they want complete independence, so that their countries can, like Southern Ireland, contract if they wish to out of future British wars and protect themselves by tariffs against English competition. Liberal and generous though he was, Sir Reginald did not consider complete independence for Scotland or Wales either practicable or desirable. He thought, though he weighs up the cons as well as the pros very fairly, that there are strong cultural and administrative arguments for Devolution; for having small, separate English, Scottish and Welsh parliaments, on the Ulster model, coming under a central Imperial Parliament dealing with our common interests.

The arguments against Devolution are its expense, cumbrousness and novelty, and the probability, as between the various subordinate parliaments and the Imperial Parliament, of overlapping of functions and duplication of business; the strongest argument for it—apart from arguments based on or appealing to national sentiment—is the modern congestion of parliamentary business which makes it impossible for M.P.s to pay adequate attention to Welsh, Scottish or perhaps sometimes English internal affairs. This procedural argument is an old one, which in 1882 impressed Lord Rosebery and in 1918 the future Lord Halifax. With Sir Reginald himself, this practical argument perhaps weighed less than the thought that Wales and Scotland, in an age of growing centralisation, must be given machinery to defend their distinctive national cultures. I think he obviously liked the Welsh better than the Scots, finding them (as his account of an Eisteddfod shows) both more foreign and more fun, and being much more impressed by the survival today of a rich Welsh literary culture than by Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid's attempts to revive Lallans; but he does full justice both to the practical gifts of the Scots and to the national doggedness that comes out in an episode like the Disruption.

His summaries of Scottish and Welsh history are excellent—sweeping, incisive, sympathetic—and even extreme Scottish and Welsh nationalists who dislike his compromise solution should be able to read his book with pleasure. It calls attention to a wider problem than that of nationalism, to the whole problem of how today distinctive and valuable regional cultural characteristics

are to survive. Newspapers, radios, cinemas, charabancs are spreading over the island a thin lowest-common-denominator culture, like a layer of asphalt over our grass-roots. Devolution is perhaps too fancy and senior-common-roomish a solution; and I agree with Sir Reginald that the extreme nationalist solution—the re-Balkanising of this island—is not practicable or desirable. (From the comparative cultural deadness of independent Ireland, compared with the Ireland of Synge and Yeats, it might be argued that it is not even culturally desirable.) But the problem is a real one, and this solid book ought to convince English people, who are generally indifferent about this subject, or even actively bored by it, that it is not a problem invented out of the air by a few discontented Welsh and Scottish literary men.

G. S. FRASER

Wilson Knight on Pope

Laureate of Peace: On the Genius of Alexander Pope. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. *Routledge*. 21s.

The Shakespearian studies of Mr. Wilson Knight, although sometimes arcane and often elusive, are the most perceptive and penetrating that the present century can show. The method of interpretation developed in them their author has subsequently applied in a number of other, more or less surprising, directions; and the process is taken far in the present book, which considers Pope and his poetry in what must at first appear to be uncommonly odd company. The *Essay on Man* draws Mr Wilson Knight's mind towards the New Testament, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*; he has been strongly reminded of it when "reading Sri Aurobindo's colossal work of mystical philosophy, *The Life Divine* (Calcutta, 1939)"; and the poetry of which it is "the crowning work," since it evidences "the space-time and sense-blending qualities of poetic symbolism," may in some not very clearly defined way be related to "reports received by trance-communication purporting to come from higher planes."

All this is perplexing and even alarming to anyone content to repose in the received ideas about Pope. For Johnson the *Essay on Man* was a poem which Pope had "persuaded himself to think a system of Ethicks," but which was in part a facile theodicy and in part a brilliant but blundering versifying of notions supplied by Bolingbroke. Pope was writing in a manner highly offensive to orthodox piety without being in the least aware of the fact; he was appalled when attacked by the formidable Crousaz and grateful when ludicrously rescued by Warburton. So little was he capable of discursive thought that he was in places constrained a little to mend matters by alterations which blankly reverse the sense to which he had at first committed himself. This view of Pope has never been effectively impugned. His rehabilitation in recent years has been in the main as a subtle as well as merely polished technician. We have added to our sense of the power of his personal satire a new feeling for the texture of his verse as it has been sensitively displayed by Dr. Edith Sitwell, and a new understanding of the reach of his rhetorical resource as shown in such studies as Mr. Mack's in the use of mock-heroic as metaphor. But Pope has remained, despite the dazzling conclusion of *The Dunciad*, perhaps the last of the major English poets to whom we should turn were we concerned to vindicate the mantic power of poetry.

All this Mr. Wilson Knight sweeps away. Of the passage in the *Essay* beginning

> Submit—In this, or any other sphere,
> Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear,

and ending in one of the odd tinkerings which Johnson notes, we are bidden:

> See how the thought moves in terms vast and unethical corresponding to the symbolisms rooted in Shakespearian drama. This trust, lucid and impregnable in its cosmic grip, is necessary alike to any poetic or religious conception of the whole.

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This article does not appear in the Lancashire edition. Those in Lancashire who are interested are invited to write for a copy to Picture Post, 43-44 Shoe Lane, London E.C.4

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We shall make little of this—or indeed of the whole book—unless we come to terms with what, in such a context, Mr. Wilson Knight means by "thought." Briefly, it appears to be the architectonic power behind the cloud-capped towers, gorgeous palaces and solemn temples of the imagination; it is the radical poetic energy, working often beyond and therefore in disregard of logical consistency. Our apprehension of the significance of its constructions can, in the last analysis, only be intuitive; we shall "interpret" its achievements rightly only through the exercise of a power analogous to that which brought them into being.

This has long been Mr. Wilson Knight's faith; and whatever one may think of the persuasiveness with which he brings it to bear upon Pope, one will certainly not put down his attempt with any sense of diminished respect for the writer. Mr. Wilson Knight indeed always significantly *matches* what he is writing about. His Shakespeare criticism is Shakespearian; the present book catches something of the energy in which Pope surpasses almost all the English poets. Moreover Mr. Wilson Knight's often recondite commentary remains securely and obviously rooted in the local life of the poetry with which it deals; it is characteristic that in the passage from the *Essay on Man* already cited he pin-points one superb couplet which seems never to have been specially noted before. There are signs indeed that he may one day be lost to anything that may reasonably be termed literary criticism, and that the problems with which he is increasingly concerned will require some other medium for their elucidation. Meanwhile here is a notable and characteristic book.

J. I. M. STEWART

New Novels

The Milky Way. By JEAN DUTOURD. *Museum Press.* 10s. 6d.

The Bird's Nest. By SHIRLEY JACKSON. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

The Wicked Pavilion. By DAWN POWELL. *W. H. Allen.* 12s. 6d.

Kongoni. By G. R. FAZAKERLEY. *Thames & Hudson.* 12s. 6d.

Will 1955 be another year in which the novel refuses to lie down? Or am I turning pulpy, a case of opium-taster's occupational hyper-tolerance? Here, anyway, is yet another unusually satisfactory batch. All four books are well worth reading for either entertainment or instruction. Their subjects range from French black marketeering to Mau Mau, from Bohemian New Yorkers to a small town hysteric.

We will begin, because he writes sedulously in the classical tradition, with M. Dutourd, who made a promising début three or four years ago with a satirical fantasy about a dog-headed person. *The Milky Way* is very near the knuckle: about how some Parisian petit bourgeois really behaved during the war. Here is all the black-heartedness which you have ever attributed to a diabolical concierge rolled up into one ball. Charles-Hubert Poissonnard and his wife, Julie, keep a dairy shop in an outlying quarter of Paris. They cheat their way through the years of occupation and end up wonderfully prosperous. During the Liberation Charles-Hubert pulls a smart coup by hiding a singularly harmless German private in his cellar and turning him over to the F.F.I. Their rodent destiny is erratically linked with that of Léon, a young schoolmaster-officer, a simpleton-intellectual modern Candide; after he has escaped Mme Poissonnard denounces him in the merest passing twitch—you could not possibly call it a fit—of spite. He has some comic erotic adventures, and turns up, crazily bent on heroic assassination, in Vichy just when the Poissonnards are taking part in a wonderfully ludicrous mass visit to Pétain. This scene, in which the doddering Marshal accepts a gift of ducks' eggs and the story gets written up in *Gringoire* as "The Miracle of the Hens," is a nicely rounded piece of irony.

The satire is distributed all round the clock, but fairly; thus Communists, though twitted for russophilia, get credited with courage and utopianism. M. Dutourd has used all the best models; Voltaire, Balzac and even Stendhal make personal appearances between the lines. A lot of *The Milky Way* is exceedingly funny, all of it very much to the point. Its faults are sloppy construction and inconsistency of mood. The translation is a bit stilted and mis-spellings—"Trimalchion" and "Grenada"—make me suspicious.

The next two books are both by American lady novelists, both cunning entertainers in their very different ways. *The Bird's Nest* is a case-history of the rare multiple personality, or complete hysterical disassociations, to give you the textbook diagnosis. Miss Jackson's mousey heroine Elizabeth, a clerk in a museum, has four distinct egos: the devilish Betsy, the soft-seeming Lizzie, the pseudo-sensible Beth, and the apparently prim Bess. Compared with her Morton Prince's immortal patient, Miss Sally Beauchamp, is a cup of cocoa. Elizabeth lives with her aunt, Morgen, a mannish spinster who also has her secrets. Her case is recorded partly by the novelist's all-seeing eye, partly by Dr. Wright, a conservative psychotherapist, who goes in for a lot of hypnotism and quotes Thackeray. Crisis threatens when Betsy, the delinquent ego, takes charge, bolts with Elizabeth to New York and tries to strangle her. A good deal of the action is in the past and has to do with Elizabeth's relations with her mother and her mother's lover, Robin. After a certain point, Miss Jackson plays more and more tricks with the reader, manipulating the four alter-egos rather as if they were red-herring suspects in an Agatha Christie. The happy ending with an integrated Elizabeth—dimmer, I am afraid, than ever—is unconvincing. The verdict has to be: a synthetic *tour de force*, but a brilliantly clever and compulsively readable one.

The Wicked Pavilion (a far-fetched title, all the way from a letter of Mrs. Creevey's to her spouse) is a smartish, genuinely French café restaurant near Washington Square. As a rendezvous and a general ambiance it plays a decisive part in the lives of various characters, most of them rather arty. A nice, dashing, Bohemian but virile hero-type, Rick, meets, loses and regains a delicate, wistfully pretty art student called Ellenora. In between he has an affair with a delicious adventuress—a cut above a call girl—who passes out after smoking reefers while slumming and wakes up, most convincingly, among a lot of tarts in the City Hospital. Another bunch of characters are concerned with boosting the work of a dead artist, Marius. The links between them all are nicely casual and the whole thing is a good deal less contrived than many of the variations on the Grand Hotel pattern, which used to be such a favourite with lady novelists between the wars. Parts of it read as if they had been written with one eye on Hollywood and the other on Scott Fitzgerald, but altogether it makes a lively entertainment, with a touch more depth than you expect.

Last comes this week's didactic documentary. *Kongoni* is written, however scrappily and jerkily, by someone who has some real insight into the minds of the Kikuyu, even if he does make them talk too much standard English saloon-bar dialogue. Two askaris with family worries desert together and head for their villages. One is a timorous clown; the other, a powerful personality, turns out to be Kongoni, a member of a Mau Mau type of terrorist society. *En route*, and by devious rather obscure flash-backs, you learn how this comparatively well-educated and sympathetic person came to join the terrorists, and something about the very complicated relations between them and the villagers. The story is clumsily told, but the general effect is one of authenticity; this applies especially to the curiously mixed, in-between mentality of everybody. Good marks for sweat, stinks and general African discomforts.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The News Angle

The Innocent on Everest. By RALPH IZZARD. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16s.

The days before the climb to the top of Everest must have been nerve-racking for the climbers: but not a tenth, one inclines to think after reading Mr. Izzard, as nerve-racking as to the broken-hearted newsmen back in Khatmandu. For at least the climbers had something specific to do; but the nearest the honest journalists could get to action was to dive into the bazaar in search of Sherpas alleged to have come from the mountain and pump these agreeable but unsatisfactory interviewees for news. What the less honest were up to could be deduced when the Expedition's official mail-bags arrived with brand-new padlocks. But the scene after the news broke was an even wilder muddle, with the simple fact of Everest climbed being moulded, with the freest invention, into the shapes required by Communism or nationalism, Indian or Nepalese, while balked Western journalists still waited for hard facts.

In the course of his lively and likeable book Mr. Izzard has some hard things to say about the handling of the expedition news: and it seems clear that nobody concerned—climbers, *The Times*, or the British Ambassador—had foreseen half the likely political repercussions of success, or the head-on clash between the Asiatic conception of Tensing the hero and the British notion of victory by a team. Probably some of the trouble could have been avoided if, as Mr. Izzard suggests, they had had an experienced public relations officer in charge; but the hard core of it, of the kind that occurs when people with no interest in the real nature of an event exploit it for some alien purpose of their own, was probably not amenable to even the most tactful news handling.

For all the frustration of these final days, Mr. Izzard had a right to be pleased with his part in the affair. Ordered by the *Daily Mail* to gate-crash the expedition, to which *The Times* had the sole news rights, he arrived in Khatmandu to be met with stern warnings that he must expect nothing from the horse's mouth. "I shall probably be shot if I'm seen talking to you," said Bourdillon cheerfully at an Embassy garden party. But no one could stop him following the horse, at a decent interval, up to Namche Bazar, and with helpful Nepalese officials to offset chilly British, he made his way there and beyond, up the Khumbu Glacier to the foot of the ice-fall. Nervous climbers, when at last encountered in places where two Britons might be expected to show pleasure at meeting, inclined to duck into tents for fear of being photographed. But he came back to the capital to file his impressions for the *Daily Mail* which brilliantly filled in the time when there was no hard news from the mountain. Probably the very fact that he was unofficial, and had to find out everything for himself about porters, loads, tents, Sherpa beer and Sherpa houses, made him able to bring home so well to the ordinary reader the nature of the earlier stages of the enterprise. Only the privileged *Times* was able to pass the news-barrier of the ice-fall; but, unlike the rest of his colleagues, Mr. Izzard had, as far as anyone could, been and seen for himself.

JANET ADAM SMITH

SHORTER REVIEWS

Poems and Songs of Robert Burns. Edited and introduced by JAMES BARKE. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

First, a box chequered black and white in a sort of shepherd's plaid. Next, a cellophane wrapper. Inside, a padded Royal Stewart tartan binding, in silk. Finally, well printed, the poems of Burns, edited and introduced by James Barke, author of four novels quarried out of the life of Burns. Mr. Barke prints a number of poems that have not been published before (though he admits to "the exclusion of several pieces which, in the opinion of the present editor, are without offence"). But he supplies no critical notes; no word of their provenance; and here are sample phrases from his Introduction—"He had no predecessors: he has had no disciples . . . He is the first poet to transcend poetry . . . Explain the mystery, the ramifications of human life, love emotion and intellect and you can explain Robert Burns: not otherwise." Mr. Barke's publishers have loyally co-operated in making this a wholly uncritical edition: and by serving up a Lowland poet in all this tartan nonsense they pander to a synthetic patriotism and put the poems on a level with shortbread, Edinburgh Rock and A Present from the Trossachs. It may be a tribute to the Burns who is the centre of a cult; but, as always, the first to suffer is Robert Burns, poet.

Chelsea. By WILLIAM GAUNT. *Batsford.* 18s.

One reason why Chelsea will always induce in the Londoner feelings of relief and escape is that the river along its south boundary guarantees wide stretches of water and sky. Lorries may hurtle along the Embankment on their exit route to the south-west, but we gaze down at the foreshore, catch the broken reflections as a tug passes, enjoy the low skyline of the other shore, which might belong to another town. We might still, with Cheyne Walk at our back and the Reach ahead, imagine ourselves in some traffic-pierced village. Mr. Gaunt goes straight to the village that was; prefers it (who wouldn't?) to now; revives the pleasure gardens, terraces, old bridges, and those distinguished in the arts or eccentricities who enjoyed them.

He deals with his gossipy material in compartments: writers; artists; revels; buildings, and so on. His golden age would seem to be that artists' hey-day which stretched a century and a half from Turner to Sickert. Keene, Whistler, Steer, Greaves provide him with a rich legend; and he uses anecdote to build up character. Swift counting his paces, running into thousands, as he walked back

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The forty-sixth annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co., Ltd., will be held on March 4 in London.

The following are extracts from the Statement by the Chairman, Mr. S. V. Swash, for the year 1954:—

The figures show that it was a good trading year and marked a fresh record in the history of your company. The proposed final dividend on Ordinary Stock is 1s. 10d. per unit compared with 2s. last year, but is, of course, payable on the Capital as increased last October.

The Trading Profit showed a very good expansion and marked a further satisfactory growth of turnover and a strengthening of the popularity of the company's stores. The past year was the first one since before the war, when it was not possible to detect significant gaps in the availability of merchandise in one department or another, and at the present time it is fair to state that British manufacturers have reached a stage of production in the range of goods offered by your company where current needs can be met reasonably and promptly.

A Challenge To Retail Trade

After long years in the wilderness, the consumer is coming into his own. This is at once a satisfactory state of affairs and a challenge to retail trade. I commented last year that my estimate was that a reduction of about one halfpenny in the selling price of every single item of merchandise we sold would about wipe out the Trading Profit, and your Board is pursuing vigorously the well-tried policy of endeavouring to ensure rapid turnover by large volume of sales at small monetary profit margins.

A big production of goods for the home market provides the base from which manufacturers can sally forth to try and win export trade, and your company is always trying to find ways and means to satisfy customers' needs, so that ever bigger demands can be made on the manufacturers.

Retail cash business is competing with the hire-purchase business for the consumers' spending money, and the lifting of the restrictions on hire-purchase trading undoubtedly made its impact on the weekly wage packet. This is all to the good and the availability of desirable merchandise in adequate quantities should encourage hard work to earn more to improve the standard of living. In conjunction with lower taxation, it should provide the incentive which is so necessary at all levels to induce people to put their best foot forward and increase productivity to the great benefit of their country and themselves.

Tribute to Manufacturers and Suppliers

Your company's manufacturers and suppliers have again been most helpful and co-operative in turning out goods to keep the stores well stocked. One of the most pleasant features of our operation is this close co-operation of the buyers with their manufacturers and it is a very essential element in the successful conduct of this business.

The variety, value and usefulness of the lines sold in the stores must be constantly improved to satisfy the exacting needs of the customer of 1955, and we can undoubtedly sell vast amounts of goods that measure up to the required standards. This interesting work is never finished—this work of improving old lines and developing new ones; and both the manufacturer and the retailer have their full part to play.

Expenses under many headings took big rises during 1954 in comparison with the previous year. Salaries, rates, rents as leases ran out, repairs, lighting and wrapping all showed sharp increases, and it was essential to strive for, and attain, much higher sales in order to achieve the results set out in the report. It does not appear to your directors that expenses have yet reached their peak and their stabilisation will depend on the general monetary and economic trends in the country's trade.

The present full employment situation and the apparently good economic prospects for this country in the immediate future should provide conditions in which your company can endeavour to maintain and improve its position with quite good prospects of success. Your stores play an important and intimate part in the shopping lives of the community in nearly every town in the United Kingdom, and your Board will use every endeavour to improve the service that is rendered to the public by good shopkeeping.

from some political closeting in Westminster; D'Orsay's visit to Carlyle rubbing diamond and rough diamond; Keene living on a beef stew of his own brewing, made in a jampot on a gas ring; Meredith—according to *his* account—having to wait for Rossetti in a room with a huge plate of gelid eggs and bacon on the table, upon which Rossetti flung himself in a fury immediately on entering. . . . With such personalities, beginning with Sir Thomas More and ending with James and Sickert, Mr. Gaunt embodies his riverside "town of palaces." He might have brought us down to Eliot, rising rents, the house-boats of the Reach; how many artists today, can afford a studio in this traditional quarter?

Botteghe Oscure XIV. Edited by Marguerite Caetani. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

The ideal reader of *Botteghe Oscure*—the one who has the leisure and the appetite and the education to take the fullest advantage of its generous twice-yearly banquet—is now required to be quadrilingual. The fourteenth issue of this enterprising review, which has hitherto presented in their original languages the work of French, Italian, American and English writers, contains a section in German, consisting of poems by Marie Luise Kaschnitz, Karl Krolow, Ingeborg Bachmann and Heinz Piontek. The innovation is to be welcomed, whether or not it becomes a regular feature, for a periodical so cosmopolitan in its scope must take into account what is being written in German. In the past contributions from Austria or Germany have occasionally appeared, but in French translations, a necessarily unsatisfactory compromise. Among the English and American readers of *Botteghe Oscure* there are probably more who read German than Italian, and they will be especially grateful for this new departure. Those who don't feel really comfortable outside their own language will be glad of the translations by Jackson Mathews of René Char's War Journal, *Feuillets d'Hypnos*, and of his *Lettera Amorosa*, the originals of which also appear in this number. But there is no satisfactory solution to the problems of an editor of a review that casts its net so wide as *Botteghe Oscure* does. What can be done with the poems of Murilo Mendes, whose work is famous in Brazil, except present them in translation? What about work written in Spanish? That is a language of wider currency than Italian. Maybe the ideal reader will yet be called upon to be still more multilingual.

Mobility in the Labour Market. By Margot Jefferys. *Routledge.* 15s.

When we really get down to details, it is surprising how little we know about each other, and in consequence any careful social study is interesting. This book is concerned with labour mobility in Battersea and Dagenham and the object of the author was "to throw as much light as possible on what appears, not as a broad movement produced by a common economic stimulus, but on the inexplicable variety of individual actions prompted by purely personal factors." The research has been carefully carried out and the results clearly recorded, but perhaps the most interesting fact emerging defies the writers' purpose of "reducing the 'inexplicable variety' to explicable order." This was the discovery that "if the most stable fifteen per cent. of the population had been as stable as the remaining eighty-five per cent., the total volume of movement between employees would have been halved." In fact, however interesting and valuable Miss Jefferys's conclusions about employment changes made by the majority of workers, it is clear that the gross figures are disproportionately affected by a smallish number of persons. Unfortunately, it was without the province of her inquiry to discover much about this vagrant 15 per cent. We may suspect that most of them are in some way maladjusted—the type of wandering psychopath perhaps—but we do not know.

Apart from the rather tantalising failure to follow up psychiatric clues, Miss Jefferys writes with skill and insight. Intensive small-scale studies of this type are invaluable in humanising and explaining the broad picture shown by statistical digests. In addition, they provide a rude shock to many an *idée fixe*. In a period when we lay so much store by security of employment, welfare provisions and the relations between management and worker, it is surprising to read that these are seldom mentioned as factors affecting job changes, for "no employment consideration other than the work and the wages seemed to us to exercise any great influence on the movement of young men." But then work and wages are legitimate subjects of discussion which often mask uncertainties produced by imperfect human relations, and studies of this sort cannot tell the whole story.

Week-end Competition
No. 1,303

Set by Marmaduke Dench

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to translate the following verses written in the fifteenth century by Charles, Duke of Orleans, for St. Valentine's Day. Entries by February 22.

Le beau Souleil le jour saint Valentin
Qui apportoit sa chandelle allumée,
N'a pas long-temps entra un bien matin
Privéement en ma chambre fermée;
Celle clarté qu'il avoit apportée
Si m'esveilla du somme de soussy
Où j'avoye toute la nuit dormy
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

Ce jour aussi pour partir leur butin
Des biens d'amour, faisoient assemblée
Tous les oyseaulx qui parlans leur latin
Crioyent fort demandans la livrée
Que nature leur avoit ordonnée,
C'estoit d'un per comme chascun choisy
Si ne me peu r'endormir pour leur cry
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

Lors en moillant de larmes mon coessin
Je regrettay ma dure destinee,
Disant, oyseaulx je vous voy en chemin
De tout plaisir et joye desirée;
Chascun de vous a per qui lui agrée,
Et point n'en ay; car mort qui m'a traby
A prins mon per, dont en deuil je languy
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

ENVOY

Saint Valentin choisissent ceste année
Ceulx et celles de l'amoureux party;
Seul me tendray de confort desgarny
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

Result of No. 1,300

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Parliament reassembles on Tuesday. The usual prizes are offered for a professional grouse in rhyming dialogue by two back-benchers.

Report

An air of "abandon hope all ye who enter here" hung over these dirges of experience. Though the styles—Kipling, Praed, Hookham Frere and at least one Hardy—were admirably varied, the sentiments expressed were distressingly the same. The joys of pairing, the failure to catch the Speaker's eye, the futility of ambition, the desirability of the Chiltern Hundreds, the tedium of it all—this was the constant despairing note sounded by almost every competitor.

Jim Parrott contrived a nicely bleak survey by Mr. Bevan and Mr. Crossman of their fellow members (but didn't quite bring the whole off) and "Walf" made a good professional grumble out of the fact that "Privy Councillors, by Custom of the House, not by Rule of Order, take precedence in debate over ordinary members," but upon the whole marks for originality were low all round. I am awarding two guineas to A. W. Dicker, one and a half guineas each to H. A. C. Evans and Ongar, and a guinea to W. P. B.

We've come from the country (we left at first light),
As reps. of the people we don't feel too bright,
We hope there will be no late sitting tonight
For two rather sleepy back-benchers.

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ENGLISHWOMAN, French by marriage, Hons. Grad. (Cantab.) Engl. lit., 21 yrs. Paris, skls. translations French-Engl. Engl.-French, any kind exc. commercial. Box 4322.

TYPED translations from Russian, French, German, Spanish & Modern Greek. Reasonable charges. Box 4347.

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ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION, LONDON

Our speeches are models of histrionic art,
They've not yet been heard, but we know them by heart,
For catching the eye of the Speaker is part
Of the troubles that come to back-benchers.

The Party Machine tells us how we must vote,
Our evenings off are determined by rote,
If we don't "toe the line" we may well "rock the boat,"
And then we might be *ex*-back-benchers.

Our leaders are bold seeking giants to slay,
Though at Party Councils they do as we say,
But as brothers and comrades we'll greet polling day,
And hope to return as *front*-benchers.

A. W. DICKER

A: Well, here we'll sit, obscure and impotent,
Like Patience on a ruddy monument.
B: While thrusters, cads and Yes-men one despises
Bluster or crawl and swipe the glittering prizes.
A: Prizes be damned! They're quite beyond my reach.
But I *would* like to make my maiden speech.
B: Fat chance we've got to catch the Speaker's eye.
We're just the House of Commons, P.B.I.
A: Division-lobby fodder for the Whips.
B: "Boys on the Back Bench."
A: Gladstones in eclipse.
Meanwhile my damned constituents think I'm slack.
B: Me too. Some call me just a party hack.
But once I wrote a Private Member's Bill.
A: So what?
B: You've said it. So precisely nil!
One's life is nothing but one long frustration.
A: And yet some half-wits think we rule the nation!

H. A. C. EVANS

B: The dreadful hand of time now drags
Us back to the Machine—
C: As usual, my attention flags;
Have we rehearsed this scene?
B: We are in private here, my friend;
Pray speak your mind at ease.
C: Ah quite! In private we depend
On saying what we please;
So different from the way we're forced
Our own view to deride
If publicly it's been endorsed
By some on t'other side!
B: True, true, mere cyphers are we all,
Or cogs that may not slip.
Although no pride may mean no fall—
C: Hold it! Here comes the Whip!

ONGAR

Box: Back to the Whips and the bells and the bobbies!
Cox: The fog in the chamber, the fug in the lobbies . .
Box: The voice of the people: their letters, their lies,
And the fag of extracting evasive replies!
Cox: Oh, to be Puffingtons, sheltered like them
From the fruits of one's follies—no need to condemn,
At the drop of a hat, what appears to be right!
Box: Or to vote where one's bread's buttered, night after night!
Cox: Or to swallow Sir A******'s platitudes neat!
Box: Or to seem to adore, as one sups at his feet!
Cox: Oh, to be Ministers, sleekly aloof!
Box: Oh, to be singled out, put to the proof!
Cox: Seen for once, heard for once, just for once be—
Both: Eloquent, popular—STARS OF TV!

W. P. B

CHESS

No. 280. One Recipe for World Champions

"I should have never come to be the world champion had I not studied at least a thousand R & P endings." Thus spake Capablanca, and it certainly seems more credible than his alleged and much quoted assertion that he hardly ever touched a chessbook. I found the quotation in *Schach-Taschen-Jahrbuch* 1955 (S. Engelhardt Verlag, Berlin-Frohnau, DM 5.40) a calendar which, along with a good deal of other useful information, contains a timely reminder of the peculiar intricacy of R & P endings. Take this position which occurred in the game Tarrasch-Blumich, Breslau, 1925. Considering that he would have to give up his R for the QRP Tarrasch saw no hope for his own P. He saw that, if he pushed it, Black mustn't play R-Kt1; he also saw the draw resulting from (1) P-R6 P-R7? (2) P-R7, R-Kt1. (3) R-Kt5 ch, R x R. (4) P = Q ch; But he saw no resource against R-Kt3. Hence he resigned. Yet, he could have drawn by (1) P-R6! R-Kt3. (2) R-KR5, R-Kt1. (3) P-R7, R-KR1. (4) K-Kt4, P-R7. (5) R-QKt5 ch, K-B7. (6) R-QR5, K-Kt6. (7) R-Kt5 ch, K-R5, and after (8) R-Kt7 Black can no longer win, R-R1 being punished by (9) R-R7 ch!; a similar mistake on White's part would be (7) R-R7 which *would* give Black the win by R x P.

For those of us aspiring to grand-duffery rather than to one of those grand titles awarded by the F.I.D.E., it is soothing to see the grandmasters baffled by the very type of R & P ending which give us so frequent cause for futile self-reproach. Here then—Bogoljubov-Thomas, Hastings 1922—is yet another chance to learn from the mistakes of our betters. Bogoljubov played (1) K-B5, whereupon K-Q1 would have drawn quite simply, since (2) K-Kt5 could have been countered by P-R7. But Sir George had a very pretty (though not quite trumping) card up his sleeve and played (1) . . . P-R7 which ought to have lost him the game (but it didn't). What happened was (2) P-B7, R-Kt1 ch. (3) K-Kt6, R-R3 ch! (4) K-B5, R-R1 ch. (5) K-B6, R-R3 ch. (6) K-Q5, R-R1 ch. (7) K-K6, R-R3 ch, and here it was Bogoljubov who offered the draw. Yet he could have won by (8) K-Q5, R-R1 ch. (9) K-B4, R-R5 ch. (10) K-Kt3, R-R6 ch. (11) K-B2! R-QB6 ch and (12) K-Kt2 wins the P and the game.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position which White could have won quite easily by Q-Kt5 ch; but he blundered by (1) B-B3, thereby giving Black the chance of forcing a neat draw. How? **B** and **C** are very pretty end-game studies, both wins for White and not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

A: I. Reilstab 1939

B: L. Prokes 1942

C: V. & M. Platov 1912

Usual prizes. Entries by February 21.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 277 Set January 22

A: (1) P-B5 ch, R x P, (2) P-Kt7, R-K1 ch, (3) K-B1, B-B6 ch, (4) K-B5, R-B2, (5) P queens ch! K x Q, (6) Kt-B6 ch, K-B2, (7) Kt-Kt8!

B: (1) Kt-R5, Q-B1, (2) R-Kt8, Q-Q2, (3) R-Q8, Q-R2 (B2), (4) Kt-B4 ch, K-K5, (5) Kt-Q2, K-K4, (6) Kt-B3 ch, K-K3, (7) Kt-Kt5 ch, etc.

C: (1) Q-Q3, P-B5, (2) Q-B2! P queens, (3) K-B7, P-B6, (4) Q-Q3 ch, K-Kt8, (5) Q-Kt6 ch, etc.

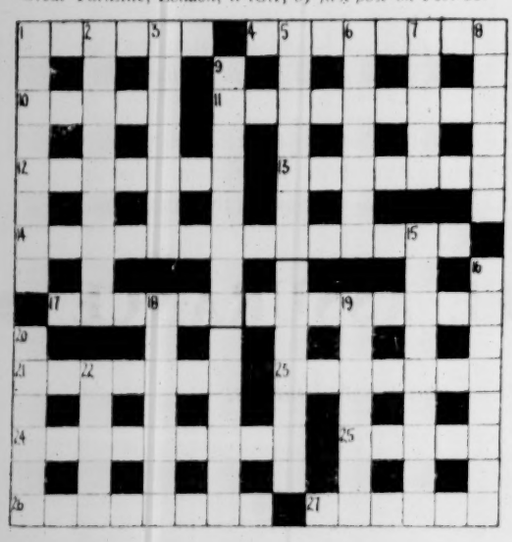
(1) K-B3 is refuted by P-K8 (Kt) ch. If 2 . . . K-Kt8, (2) Q x KP, P queens, (3) Q-KR2 mate.

A good many correct solutions. Prizes shared by: K. Beaumont, J. Ernest, Bruce Hayden, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSINC

Week-end Crossword No. 139

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 139, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 22.



ACROSS

1. Is it amusing to be in debt when you have to pay back? (6).
4. An ace is a misfortune in the suit (8).
10. Timid creature, but it needs taming (5).
11. On the back of the cart there is food for the queue (9).
12. Make the dear one go into school (7).
13. Covered with gold, but not quite crowned (7).
14. It may form part of the display for the window (14).
17. Remove the defence from this aircraft to give a germ bearer means of entry (6, 8).
21. A time for the senior officer to be king (7).
23. Way of starting play which always ends in victory (7).
24. Part of the world a bribe can corrupt (9).
25. Colder part of the fabric I erected (5).
26. It is careless to hit and then run (8).
27. Admiral in the hold (6).

DOWN

1. Set a limit with half what is left (8).
2. Warship which is initially for peace (9).
3. Present for the moment—or vanished? (7).
5. Own riches, but have a soldier for a song (7, 7).
6. Girl had up about her dress rising (7).
7. Animal one must put in harness to pull a man along (5).
8. Invested, but must be paid in the finish (6).
9. Regulations for the ranks? (8, 6).
15. The alpine plant lies tangled with weeds (9).
16. A wolf, I am amused about money (8).
18. Though drunk, I'm to be in call (7).
19. The motor has a slight deviation from true and a dust collector inside (7).
20. The powers of a religious man when surrounded by enemies (6).
22. The name of an animal with an internal chest (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 137

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 137

Mrs. I. E. Godson (London, S.E.5), Miss M. K. Eite (Carlisle), J. G. Saut (Pinner).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive, or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

GOVERNMENT of Hyderabad. Applications are invited for the post of Principal, Hyderabad Public School, India. Pay between Rs. 1,500 per month and Rs. 2,000 per month (£1,350 per annum and £1,800 per annum approximately) according to qualifications and experience. Contract for three years. Free unfurnished accommodation. Free passage to and from India. Provident Fund. Further particulars and forms of application on request, quoting 9/20/IC from High Commission of India, Establishment Department, Aldwych, London, W.C.2. Last date for receipt of applications Feb. 28.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge, Department of Applied Economics. Applications are invited for a research appointment in connection with an inquiry into the long term economic growth of the United Kingdom. Applicants should have a first or good second-class honours degree in economics or history and some experience of research in modern economic history. The appointment will be made for a period of two years in the first instance, on a salary scale starting at £500 per annum and will qualify for membership of F.S.S.U. Applications, which should state academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be addressed to the Director, University of Cambridge Department of Applied Economics, Downing Street, Cambridge, to arrive not later than February 21.

LONDON County Council. Secondary School Headship: Walworth Secondary School, Mina Road (Old Kent Road), S.E.17, for boys and girls. Headmaster or headmistress required from September, 1955. The school provides a variety of general, technical and commercial courses, including courses leading to G.C.E. and beyond. It has at present a five-form entry, a feature of the school is the developing sixth form. The school will probably be in Burnham Group XVII from April 1, 1955, and will remain in the same group for the ensuing three years. On this basis, the head teacher allowance will be £720 (headmaster), £635 (headmistress). A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on: Form EO.TS 10/Walworth obtainable from the Education Officer (TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, together with further particulars. Persons who have recently completed a similar form may apply on Form EO.TS 10B. Closing date February 28, 1955.

LONDON County Council Boarding Special School. (Headmaster Headmistress and Domestic Bursar. Grafham Grange School, Bramley, near Guildford, Surrey, a boarding school for 50 educationally sub-normal boys and girls of primary school age. The following vacancies will occur at Easter, 1955:—(1) Headmaster or headmistress—Burnham Group IIS. Head's allowance £150 (man), £140 (woman) plus S.S. addition and free board, lodging and laundry in return for duties outside school hours and at weekends. (2) Domestic Bursar—Experience of institutional management and up to-date methods in child care desirable. Inclusive scale £471 15s. × £19 2s. 6d. = £510 × £25 10s. = £535 10s. plus allowance of £25 10s. while working with E.S.N. children less payment for board, lodging and laundry at present equivalent to £94 in full year. Persons selected will be appointed jointly, and may be husband as headmaster with wife as domestic bursar. Independent applications are invited. Further particulars and application forms from the Education Officer (TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date February 23, 1955.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School. Vacancies in September 1955 for (1) Head of English Department—Honours degree and good experience desirable. (2) Head of Domestic Science Department—Good experience desirable. Special Salary allowances for both posts. For candidates from Great Britain a bonus towards travelling expenses may be available. Apply to Head Mistress.

ST. LAWRENCE'S (Mental Deficiency) Hospital, Caterham, Surrey. Social Worker (in Sole Charge) required; male or female. Salary, if holding appropriate qualification, £500 × £20—£640 p.a., otherwise £395 × £15—£470 × £20—£610 p.a. Whitley P.T.A. Conditions. Single residential accommodation available at a moderate charge. Duties will include placing in employment, visitation and supervision of patients on licence. Apply immediately, giving age, qualifications, present position and previous experience, together with names of two referees, to reach the Group Secretary.

YOUTH Leader wanted for experimental club in Nissen Hut in East London. Membership (age range approx. 2 to 22 years) of boys and girls incapable of successful participation in more orthodox groups. Non-residential. Opportunity for co-operating in an intensive case work and group work project. Salary £450-£500. Applications giving previous experience and the names and addresses of two referees to Elisabeth Hunter, 46 The Chase, London, S.W.4, from whom further information may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Archivist. Applications are invited for the post of Archivist. Salary scale £550-£650. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Applications (5 copies) should be lodged, not later than February 15, 1955, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

PROBATION Officer. Men and women who have an interest in the treatment of offenders or an aptitude for resolving behaviour problems and who wish to consider adopting the career of Probation Officer in Scotland, are invited to apply to the Scottish Central Probation Council with a view to having their names enrolled on the Probation Register. The Council will have regard to the sense of vocation, temperament, and educational qualifications possessed by applicants who must not be under 23 or more than 44 years of age. Applications should be made to the Secretary, the Scottish Central Probation Council, 13, Carlton Terrace, Edinburgh, 7, from whom further partics. obtainable.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption supervision; after-care and other field work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date February 28, 1955. (97)

NORTHUMBERLAND County Education Committee. Ford Castle Residential Centre. Ford Castle (11 miles from Berwick upon Tweed) will be opened in the early summer as a residential centre, under the auspices of the Northumberland County Education Committee, for courses in Field Studies, outdoor activities and adult education. Applications are invited for these residential posts. (a) Warden with experience of teaching (especially in Field Studies) and organising. Graduate preferred. Salary: Burnham Scale (Primary and Secondary) plus £75 special allowance and free accommodation in flat. (b) Tutor with teaching experience. Salary: Burnham Scale (Primary and Secondary) plus free board and lodging. (c) Housekeeper. Salary £435 × £12 10s to £510 less £108 for board and lodging. Further details may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, to whom applications (no forms) stating age, training, qualifications and experience and the names of two referees to be returned by February 28. Applications from married couples for the Wardenship and one other post will be considered, as also from Registered Disabled Persons.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire County Council. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker on the Council's permanent staff. Candidates must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary scale £500 × £20—£640 per annum, or £470 × £15 £500 × £20 £640 per annum according to experience. The conditions of service will be in accordance with those laid down by the appropriate Whitley Council. Duties will include attendance at the County Child Guidance Clinic and also at the Broadgate Mental Hospital by arrangement with the East Riding Group Hospital Management Committee; work connected with the Council's functions under the National Health Service Act, 1946, and such other duties as the Council may from time to time determine. If the successful candidate is in possession of a motor car, a mileage allowance will be payable in accordance with the Council's approved scale. The appointment will be superannuable. Applications giving details of age, qualifications, experience, etc., together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials should be addressed so as to reach the County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Beverley, as soon as possible. Canvassing will be deemed a disqualification and candidates should state whether they are related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Thomas Stephenson, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Beverley.

ABSTRACTOR. A vacancy arises for a young lady with scientific qualifications and a leaning towards library work for the post of Abstractor in a new technical service organisation in the North West. The work involves the abstracting of scientific and technical journals on a range of chemical topics in the field of thermoplastics, and the preparation of reports on these subjects. A knowledge of German is important, and the ability to read Russian would be an advantage. Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Box 4119.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council has vacancy shortly for competent Typist (preferably with Shorthand). Married woman preferred with experience of social work or publications. Salary £6 to £7 per week. Written applications to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, London, W.1.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. Youth club Leader, full-time, reqd. for mixed youth club in Wembley. Part-time boys' club Leader reqd. for North Kensington. For particulars of salary and pension scheme for full-time Leader apply: Org. Secy., Feathers Clubs Assocn., 29 Mulready St., N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GENERAL Secretary to Family Planning Association, married woman preferably University education, experienced in managing office, committee work, drafting organisation. Salary from £600 according to experience and qualifications, rising by £25 per annum to £800. Applications in writing only to 64, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

THE John Lewis Partnership invites applications from women between the ages of 25 and 39 willing to work in any part of the country for training for management posts in the retail trade. Pay during training not less than £400 per year with guaranteed minimum of £550 per year after 12 months. Women of good education with a lively interest in shopkeeping should apply with full particulars to the Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement. Applications will not be acknowledged before March 1, 1955.

APPLICATIONS invited for the post of Warden in a women's residential Settlement in Lambeth founded on a Church of England basis. The work to be maintained and developed in the neighbourhood and among students and other residents calls for initiative and experience. Salary starting at £350 p.a. with full residence. For particulars apply to: Mrs. Mattinson, Hon. Secretary to the Council, Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, 131 Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

YOUTH Organiser to develop leisure-time activities for children and adolescents in a large co-operative society. Salary £500 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application form, to be returned by February 17, from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15, Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

A NEW venture is being planned in Brighton requiring part-time Art & Handicraft Teachers. Would those interested please write Box 4279 or tel Hassocks 142 weekends.

REQUIRED, for one or two days per week, person interested in Citizen's Advice Bureau work in East London Office. Nominal salary. Apply Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 4 Cumberland Place, Plaistow, E.13.

COLLEGE Librarian: Wanted, half-time, mainly evenings, for College in London. Professional qualifications desirable; essentials are knowledge of books, intelligence, adaptability, energy and friendly personality. Apply Box 4339.

NATIONAL Union of Students urgently requires Administrative Secretary to take charge of small office; interesting and varied work. Apply in writing General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

OLD-established London publishers seek Editor for journal covering modern educational and training techniques by sound and vision. Qualifications, experience and salary required, to Box 4302.

EDITOR of Text Books and other material for teaching English to foreigners required. Knowledge modern language teaching methods, phonetics and also Italian language useful. Work in Italy at first, afterwards transferring to London. Must have initiative and energy and preferably similar experience. Send full personal information; salary required. Box 4275.

SECRETARY Sh./typist reqd. by solicitor Legal Dept. near Victoria. Box 4317.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

BOOK KEEPER, male or female, fully experienced, for growing manufacturing company. Good salary. Kalamazoo system in operation throughout. BAY. 1151. Box 4423.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

SHORTHAND-typists, good speeds, reqd. by West End Woollen Merchants. No Saturdays. Good salary. Apply Box 4374.

SHIPPING Clerk, male or female, knowledge export invoicing, Customs documentation; must be good typist. No Saturdays. Good salary for right applicant. Box 4375.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand-Typists wanted for temporary work 10-5. No Sats. Duttons Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

CAPABLE cook to take charge of kitchen for one month from the last week in July. Catering for summer school of music. Particulars from Domestic Bursar, Dartington Hall School, Totnes.

COOK-Housekeeper, pref. resident, reqd. for the Islington Family Service Unit staff hostel, 6 residents. Weekends and evenings free. Further details from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1. CANonbury 6760.

ARCHITECT, B.B.C. wife, need competent friendly woman join family, look after children (4, 2, baby March). Other help. Own room. Hampstead. Box 4336.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SCIENTIST, Ph.D., 31, must give up laboratory wk. Suggestions welc. Indexing, abstracting, editing, etc. Box 4283.

TRADE Union Official, young, graduate, seeks part, or full-time remunerative work. Box 4392.

WELL educated woman (25), Social Studies Diploma, fluent French, typing, car driver, seeks interesting, progressive, responsible post (England or abroad) where intelligent hard work & sense of humour appre'd. Box 4359.

SHORTHAND/Typist requires work at home. Own machine. Tel. FER. 0647.

ENERGETIC young lady, accustomed to responsibility, with wide secretarial exper., seeks interesting post. Box 4366.

ENTD. Kindergarten teacher, partic. interested maladjusted children reqs. post, pref. where unf. accom. Non-resid. pref. Refs. 57 Marsham Ct., Marsham St., S.W.1.

DESIGNER, 5 years' television exp., reqs. post with Commercial Television. Would welcome enquiries. Box 4290.

FEMALE Bank Clerk, energetic, capable, seks. interesting fresh air employment. Can handle car. Good remun. essent. Box 4315.

WOMAN, educated, daughter S. wants resident post in Cotswold town or country; interested gardening, farming. Experienced bookselling, cooking. J. C., 2 Manor Cottage, Charney Bassett, Wantage.

EXPERIENCED organiser now with leading charity seeks change. Box 4130.

YOUNG Lady, fluent German, French, seeks position Travelling Agency, etc., some experience. Box 4270.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARCHway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University offers for competition each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum tenable for two years to students who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. (The award is often supplemented by the Local Education Authority of the successful competitor.) Application must be made not later than April 21. Particulars obtainable from the Registrar, The University, Hull.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual entrance scholarships and one exhibition for men or women who wish to train as professional artists; all awards tenable for four years. Competition in April; details from Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St., Kensington W.8 before Mar. 31.

SCHOOLS

BEDALES School, Petersfield (co-educational). Entrance and Scholarship tests (maximum age of entry, 14) will be held at the School, March 29-31. Scholarships are awarded for general or particular ability, including Art and Music. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

RECOGNISED Preparatory School. Boys to 8, girls to 12. Also holiday home for children up to 16. Prospectus from Principal, Colwyn School, Bristol, 9.

FOR freedom and self government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 5 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 228

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 21 years of age. Candidates under 30 who do not possess a University diploma in social studies or its equivalent will normally be required to undertake a University Course as part of their training. Candidates over 30 who have had practical experience in social work can be accepted for shorter training lasting about a year. Particulars of salaries payable during training and forms of application may be had from the Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This adv. should be mentioned.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

COMF. bed-sit. room, all cons. Suit bus./prof. gentleman. Flat 5, Stirling Mans., 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

LARGE ground-floor furn. room in Kensington home. Male student pref. Full board 5½gns. or B.B. 4gns. FRE. 7512.

PROF. man offered charming 2-room flat, kitchenette, c.h.w., garden. Continental meals optl. Moderate. Box 4495.

MODERN single furn. room newly dec., ckg. facs., phone etc. W.1. Ring WEL. 3921 9.30-5.30 weekdays.

MAN, 27, Grad., wishes share lge. flat St. Albans with similar. Box 4446.

ST. Anne's, Cornwall, 3 rm. cottage to let until May. 30s. p.w. TUD. 5232.

N. DEVON farmhouse: small s/c. furn. flat to let. E.I., Calor gas, h. & c. Rent including e.l. & hot water 3gns. weekly 4gns. July, Aug., Sept. Box 4178.

SPRING Hols. Comf. furn. bungalow to let, cent. Lklnd. Acre. 4 Few summer wks. (not Aug.) also vac. Box 4074.

ARTIST'S cottage rural Essex coast, simply furn., modernised but not spoilt, 3 mths. from end Feb. 3gns. wkly. Box 4061.

TRURO 4 miles, on creek off R. Fal, large 4-berth caravan to let fully furn., priv. site on farm, all amenities. 8gns. p.w. Blackhurst, Roundwood, Kea, Truro.

BRIGHTON. B/S. Use kit. 30s. incl. light/bath. Easy reach Lond. Box 4383.

4-Berth caravan and tent available June, July, Aug. Private site near Rye. 2 mins. sea. Mod. cons. Details Stuart, 5 Mount Park, Carshalton.

SUSSEX. Writer owning beautiful country house, 1 hr. Victoria, will let 6 months or longer, furn. suite, 1st floor, lovely view, reas. rent. Large lounge, double bedroom, own bath, kit., garage, constant h.w. Available end April. Box 4244.

BRACKLESHAM Bay & Hayling Island. Four-berth caravans. Apply 585 London Road, Horndean, Hants.

EXCH. unfurn. flat, 3 rms., Hampstead, light & spacious, mod. rent, for similar Chelsea area. PRImrose 9097 or Box 4344.

UNFURNISHED flat wanted, 2/3 rooms, k. & b., pref. N. or N.W. Rent in advance or l. & f. paid. Box 4415.

REQD. grd.-flr. rm. N.W. Lon. area for partially-disabled lady. No nursing. 1 gd. meal daily, friendly surroundings. Box 4441.

COPYWRITER wishes share quiet flat, anywhere, but N.W. pref. Box 4312.

HIGHGATE. Unf. s/c flat, 3 rms., k. & b. reqd. by newly-weds. Box 4308.

JOURNALIST, marrying soon, wants unfurn. flat London. About £3 week. F. & F. limit £100. Box 4175.

DOMESTICATED bus. lady shs. furn. acc. Ckg. facs. Cent. London. Box 4281.

EDUCATED business woman, given short notice of expiry of lease, seeks partly/unfurn. accom., Hampstead pref. Box 4362.

MUSIC stud. (f.) reqs. acc. with board in/nr. central London. Would appreciate use of piano. Box 4299.

WANTED, end of March, 2-3 bedroomed unfurnished flat, Regents Park or Kensington preferred. Could exchange pleasant flat Blackheath. GREenwich 5316.

WANTED by Painter. Ground-floor flat and garden. Easy access West End. Large rooms essential. Eleanor Best, 35 Paulton Square, Chelsea, S.W.3.

BUSINESS lady with small baby in day Nursery (husband abroad) shs. 1/2 rms. Cent. London, max. £2. end March. Willing baby-sit evgs./weekends. Box 4355.

WANTED, S.C. small flat. City/Soho/Central. Pref. part-furn. Mod. gadgets unnec. if cheap. Will decorate. Box 4430.

UNFURN. s/c flat reqd. by young woman, W.C. area. Max. rent £3 p.w. Box 4046.

TWO West African male students req. two-bedroom self-contained furn. flat in/near Central London on March 1. Rent about £16 p. mth. Long letting period. Box 4049.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

ACTRESS and actor-husband seek s/c. unfurnished flat, London, from owner sympathique but businesslike. Low rental. Will buy f. & f. Suggestions? Box 4235.

OVERSEAS Engineer requires small cottage or flat for 12 months from September, 1955. Would consider buying. Anywhere within 50 miles London or South of Birmingham. Box 3933.

WANTED, reasonable cottage or apartment, near sea, South Coast, suitable baby, six summer weeks. Box 4315.

WOULD anyone let week-end sculptor and wife, schoolteacher; cottage convertible stables or anywhere to work and live in Watford area. Willing to redecorate or convert. Box W.A. 455, 16 Hertford Street, W.1.

SCHOOLMASTER, wife and 3 girls seek holiday house fortnight from end July. Sea unnecessary. Box 4385.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

RICHARD Aldington. Readers of Mr. Aldington's book on T. E. Lawrence may well be interested in his "Ezra Pound & T. S. Eliot," a vigorous and stimulating essay. "Elegantly produced."—*Punch*. Printed in a limited edition of 350 copies on Barcham Green "Medway" hand-made paper, 8vo, bound in Curwen Press decorated boards, with an Ingres card slip-case and book-box. Copies avail. at 30s. post free from: The Peacocks Press, Hurst, Reading, Berkshire, England.

"NEHRU and Indian Communism." Statement by Ajoy Ghosh, General Secretary, Indian Communist Party. See February "Labour Monthly," 1s. 6d. all agents. Postal subs. 9s. half-year from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 6d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

OLD and 2nd-Hand Books. Recent lists include Eng. History, Scotland, Ireland, London, Russia; N. America; Art; Lit. Criticism; Natural History; Classical; Scandinavia; Mod. Engl. Literature. Each sent free. Bayliss, 62 Highbury Hill, London, N.5.

PREPARE for the most sensational news ever, landings from other worlds, read Wilkins' "Flying Saucers from the Moon," with startling authentic photos. 16s. 3rd large impression, best seller here and in U.S.A. Your bookseller or 7s. post free, Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

"OTHER Voices." New in the field of literary magazines. Unknown writers who are not afraid to say what they think. Better than "Blast". 6d. weekly, or subscriptions, post free, 7s. 6d. quarter, from 146 Bridge Arch, Sutton Walk, S.E.1.

PSYCHOLOGY in U.S.S.R. Leontiev on "Nature of Human Psychic Qualities." Teplov on "Theory of Types of Higher Nervous Activity," &c. Psychology Bulletin, Vol. II, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.), from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

DID you read "Mrs. Beeton behind the Curtain"? Now read "Food & Cookery in Russia Today" with article by Philip Harben and his recommended Russian recipes—price 6d. post free. Or special offer—for one annual subscription to "Russia Today" (bi-monthly), starting with "Food & Cookery" issue you will receive also special past issues on "Sport" and "Housing." Subscription 2s. 9d. per annum to RTD/NS, 16 Spencer St., E.C.1.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess, German, music, travel. Lists. A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Rd., Tolworth, Surrey.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a, Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription, also technical and scientific books. All British publications supplied. Sibley-Field Publishing Co., Ltd., 48 London Wall, London, E.C.2.

WE buy libraries, social-economic lit., Penguins, Reprint, R.U., review copies. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

TROTSKY: "History of Russian Revolution," &c. Offers/enqs. Box 4428.

WEEKLY Hansard 1945/50 (First Labour Govt.). Complete except one number. Offers? Box 4256.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Siddrey Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO 9595.

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LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 5 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1598 (ring mornings if possible).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee); unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Last 2 days "Richard II". From Tues. Feb. 15 "The Other Animals" by Ewan MacColl.

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. 7.30, ex. M. Th 2.30. S. 5. 8. World of Sholom Aleichem.

FRY'S "Venus Observed." Rudolf Steiner Theatre, Feb. 16-19, 7.30. PAD. 9967.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St., So., 5, 8. "The Ghostwriters." Mems.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River" Fris. & Sats. 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "After the Show." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in "The Springtime of Others," a delightful comedy from French of Jean-Jacques Bernard. Fri. Feb. 18, Sat. 19, Sun. 20 (mems. only), Thurs. 24, Fri. 25, Sat. 26 at 7.30. Book CAN 3475 (9-6), CAN 5111 after 7.

WIESBADEN Amateur Dramatic Society in Georg Kaiser's 5-act play "Die Spieldose" (in German): Fri. and Sat., Feb. 18 and 19, 7.30, at Theatre, Univ. College (main entrance), Gower St., W.C.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. & 1s. 6d. from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2. TRA. 7231.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. ev. Sun. at 3 and 7. Seats: GUL. 7208.

INTERNATL. Folk Music Centre. Sun. 3.30. Spanish Flamenco group & Israeli songs. Mon. 8.30. W. Indian, Negro work-songs. Thurs. 8.30. Engl. & Scottish ballads, Irish fiddlers. 41 Gt. Windmill St., Piccadilly.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Renoir Season. Until Feb. 13: "The River" (U). From Feb. 14: Gorki's "Les Bas-Fonds" (A) with Gabin and Jouvet.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Feb. 12. Ava Gardner in "One Touch of Venus" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3520. Sun., Feb. 13, 7.30. Le 84 Prend de Vacances (U).

ITALIAN Festa—Carnival Dance, Fri., Feb. 11, 8-12 p.m., De Vere Hotel, Kensington Rd., W.8. Italian atmosphere & cabaret. Tickets 8s. 6d. at door or from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

AFRO-West Indian St. Valentine's Dance, Sat., Feb. 12, Porchester Theatre Hall (behind Porchester Hall), Porchester Rd., W.2. 7-11. Surprises galore, public welc. Men 4s. 6d., ladies 3s. 6d., couple 7s.

LONDON'S newest Rendezvous, 214 Piccadilly, W.1. Sun., Feb. 13, from 7.30 p.m. Dancing to the Ernie Ward Trio. Adm. 5s., yearly membership 1s. (Sunday Club).

I.C.A. At Home: Dancing to the Dave de Vere Group; Sat. Feb. 12, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St. W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

MASKED Valentine Dance. Cent. Lond. Fabian Society, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Sat., Feb. 12, 7.30-11.30. Adm. 3s. 6d. Masks optional but prize for ladies' prettiest & gents.' most original mask. Comps. Refmts.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., Feb. 12, at 3 p.m. "It all began with the music." Ralph Downes (organ), Felix Aprahamian (speaker). Lecture-recital to demonstrate the character of the Royal Festival Hall organ. WATerloo 3191.

OCTET (Schubert) Divertimento No. 17 (Mozart). Boyd Neel Chamber Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Saturday, Feb. 19, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

PETER Mountain & Angela Dale in a Recital of Violin and Piano Sonatas by Schumann, Brahms, Schubert. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. This Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

BEN Uri Art Society presents a Recital by Johanna Metzger (soprano), Paul Lichtenstern (piano) at the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Sun., Feb. 13, at 8 p.m. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. at door.

MUSIC-Lovers—Listen to the world's greatest opera performances and concerts. Details every Friday in "European Radio" (programmes of 20 stations). Price 6d. Newsagents or 137 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

EXHIBITIONS

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Francis Bacon—A selection of paintings. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6, Sat. until 5. Closed Sun. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Earl Haig: "Drawings of a Chinese Journey, 1954" by Denis Mathews. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Feb. 26.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Paintings of Italy and Greece by Anthony Eyton. Monotypes & Drawings by Eli Montlake. Prints: the latest French Lithographs. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Italian Art. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till March 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada, Cheam, until February 20. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Three Young Sculptors: Rosemary Young, Robert Clatworthy, Takis Vassilakis. Till March 4.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W.14 (off Kensington High Street). An Exhibition of Drawings & Watercolours, by John Ruskin (1819-1900). Feb. 5-18, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Weekdays. 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturdays. Admission Free. (By courtesy of The Arts Council of Great Britain.)

MEXICAN Book Exhibition. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., Piccadilly. Mons.-Sats. 11-5 Thurs. 11-8. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Benatov Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until Feb. 12.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. S.E.A. Pictures for Schools exhibition. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Adm. free. Gallery, High Street, E.1, adjoins Aldgate East Station. Feb. 5-27.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Mobiles by Calder. 10-5.30, Sats., 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings Colin Moss, Alistair Grant. 10-6 p.m. including Sats.

GIMPEL Fils, 30 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings and Tapestries by Louis Le Brocquy.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Robert Hill. Watercolours by Preston Goddard. Daily 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1. Until February 22.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Souza. 11-5.30 daily.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. Pictures by Ghika and Keith Vaughan. Sculpture by David Wynne. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2. Paintings and Drawings by James Macintyre.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON County Council Affairs. Hampstead Labour Party Brains Trust. I. Hayward L.C.C., Mrs. Cayford L.C.C., Reg. Stamp L.C.C., Margaret Cole L.C.C., Arthur Richardson (prospective L.C.C. and Parlt. candidate). Chair: Mrs. B. Serota, L.C.C. Sunday, Feb. 13, 7 p.m. Lymington Hall, West End Lane, N.W.6. Adm. free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. February 13: "The Dangers of Spiritualism."

A SCIENTIST Looks At China. Prof. J. D. Bernal, just returned from visit, speaks on science in the rebuilding of China. Chairman: John Horner. Friends House, Euston Road, Tuesday February 15, 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. Questions and discussion. Tickets available Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., February 18. Dennis Gray Stoll, "The Primitive Santals of Bengal and Bihar." (Illustrated.) Chairman: Mrs. W. G. Archer. 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

DR. M. Macdonald-Bayne (world-renowned author, healer, teacher and counsellor who lived with the Masters beyond the Himalayas) will give two lectures in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, at 7.45 p.m. (doors open at 7 p.m.), on Monday, February 21, on "The Higher Power You Can Use," and on Tuesday, February 22, on "Divine Healing of Mind and Body". Chair.: Dr. Evelyn M. Fleet (President, Truth Forum). Ad. 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Bishop of Johannesburg (The Rt. Rev. Ambrose Reeves) speaks on "Justice in South Africa" at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday, February 21, at 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., unreserved 1s., from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4 (CIT. 6869), or from the Hall. Meeting arranged by Christian Action and the African Bureau.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Attitude of the Legislature and the Courts to Tax Avoidance" will be given by Mr. G. S. A. Wheatcroft, at 5 p.m., on February 21, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures on (i) "Zhukovsky" and (ii) "Some Characteristics of Polish Baroque Poetry" will be given by Professor C. Backvis (Brussels), at 5 p.m., on February 17 and 18, at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1. The second lecture will be in French. Adm. free, without ticket.

"ANY Questions." Subject: "Security in the Middle East." Panel: Mr. John Connell, Lieut.-Gen. H. G. Martin, General Y. Yadin. Chairman: Sir Charles Webster. At the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, Feb. 23, 6 p.m. Members free, others 2s. Tickets: Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

THE Rearmament of Germany. Monday, February 14, 1955, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Chair.: Ald. W. H. Hopkins. Speakers: John Burns, Lena Jeger, M.P., Ben Parkin, M.P., Sydney Silverman, M.P. Tickets 1s. at door or from Union of Democratic Control, 21, Strutton Ground, S.W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 15: Virginia Flemming, B.A., "The Agnostic Parent and Religious Education." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Feb. 11: Miss Nancy Braham, "The Clothes-Conscious Woman." Friday, Feb. 18: Mrs. K. G. Daniels, "Setting a Standard." Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Feb. 13, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Sir Joseph Banks, F.R.S., 1743-1820." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1., Mon., Feb. 14, 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse: Third of a series of four lectures on Opera and the British Composer, "Libretto Writing." Speaker: Christopher Hassall, C.C. members 2s., non-mems. 3s. Thurs., Feb. 17, 8.15, Lecture: "The Psycho-pathology of Reaction in the Arts," given by Sir Herbert Read. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wednesday, February 16, 6.30 p.m. "The Teaching of Buddhism": Kapilavaddho Bhikku.

A. D. HOWELL Smith: "The Non-Moral Basis of Morality." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., February 13, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Lord Faringdon on "Contemporary Colonial Problems," 7.30, Wed., Feb. 16, at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

DISCIPLINE & Moral Upbringing. Education Forum. Miss M. Cooke & F. Bassett. Tues., Feb. 15, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 1s.).

BRITISH & Soviet Historians. Symposium on recent U.S.S.R. visit. R. Browning, C. Hill, E. Hobsbawm & A. L. Morton. Thurs., Feb. 17, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & stud. 1s.)

ASTHMA and Bronchitis. Combine Holiday with treatment, far from Smog, Mont-Dore Spa, Auvergne Mountains. Free Lecture-Film, Caxton Hall, Thurs., Feb. 17, 7.30.

"SHAW, Toynbee, Russell, and the Far East," Victor Purcell (author "Malaya: Communist or Free?"), N.B.L., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Fri., Feb. 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems., 2s. 6d. (1s. 6d. in adv. only from Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FILMS and Television. Basil Wright lectures on "The Director as Creative Artist" under auspices of University of London Extra-Mural Department and British Film Institute, Monday, February 14, 7.30, Beveridge Hall, Senate House, Malet St. Other lectures weekly by Peter Ustinov, John Grierson, Sir George Barnes, Michael Barry, Dr. M. M. Lewis, and on "Independent Television" by Sir Kenneth Clark or Sir Robert Fraser. Tickets for series 10s. 6d. or single lectures 2s. obtainable at door.

THE Business and Professional Forum. A discussion on "Can Morals Be Effectively Taught Without Religion?" Speakers: Rev. A. John Drewett, Prof. Hyman Levy, Rabbi Dr. S. Schonfeld. On Thursday, February 17, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

"ANGLO-Jewish Theatre", discussed by playwright Meyer Shoffman at Central Jewish Lit. Group, Folman's Restaurant, Nocl St. (off Berwick St.), W.1, 8 p.m. Wed. Feb. 16. Visitors welc. Refreshments.

NEVILLE Laski, Q.C., on "The Law & The Barrister", Y.P.S. Technion Society. Sun. Feb. 13, 8 p.m., Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St., W.C.2. Admission 2s. 6d.

"BELIEF and Action in Education." C. Birchenough, M.A., F.C.P., giving Joseph Payne Memorial Lectures in College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, on Tuesdays, Feb. 22 and Mar. 22 at 6.30. Adm. free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs. Feb. 17, 7.30. P. D. Mehta, M.A., on "Hinduism."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. February 19 at 6 p.m. Mr. T. Sekeli: "Explorations in the wilds of South America."

LONDON Jewish Grad. Assn. Mr. Norman Cook: "Archæology Past & Present." Mon., Feb. 14, College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1, at 8. Vis. 2s. 6d.

DR. Eustace Chesser will speak on "The Psychology of Charity" on Thursday, February 17, 8.15 p.m. at 33/35 Abbey Rd., N.W.8. Visitors are welcome.

SCHOPENHAUER Society. Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs., Feb. 17. "Schopenhauer and St. Augustine." Adm. free.

ANGLO-German Association: Professor W. N. Medlicott on "A Revaluation of Bismarck's Achievement," Thurs., February 17, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 6.30 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., Feb. 11, 8 p.m., Tamara Karsavina, "Recollections." Feb. 18, Prof. Unbegan: "Russian Surnames."

KATHLEEN Lonsdale, D.Sc., F.R.S.: "Problems of World Population." Thurs., Feb. 17, 7.30 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Ad. 6d.

PRACTICAL Mysticism—Lunch Hour Talks every Friday, 1.10 p.m. Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. February 18: Meditation. Admission free.

"SOVIET Labour Camps" described by Mrs. Bridgitte Gerland (released 1954). Mon., Feb. 14, 7.30, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. British Free Russia Movement. Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CO-Existence or Arms Race? Public Conference org. by Science for Peace and Teachers for Peace, Feb. 19 and 20, 2.5 p.m. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Chairmen: Prof. A. C. Offord, F.R.S. and Mrs. Dora Russell. Speakers: P. Mauger, M.A., Dr. H. S. Ferns, D. G. Arnott (Sec. A. Sc.W. Atomic Sciences Cttee.), Dr. B. Kirman M.D. Conf. fee 2s. 6d. Tickets from Conference Sec., K. Rudge, 52 Cypress Ave., Whitton, Middx., or at door.

THREE Authors speak about their books. A series of lectures arranged by Collet's Bookshops. No. 1 Sam Aaronovitch speaks on "Monopoly," on Wednesday next, Feb. 16, at 7 p.m. at Collet's Exhibition Hall, 48 Museum St., W.C.1. Tickets 1s. from Collet's or at door (2s. 6d. for all 3 lectures. No. 2 Bernal, No. 3 Basil Davidson).

LECTURE Demonstration on Yoga. A series of six Lecture Demonstrations on Yoga will be held at 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3, on the following Wednesday evenings: February 16, 23, March 2, 9, 16, 23 (Transferred from the Beverly Restaurant). All Lectures begin at 8 p.m. Admission: Non-Members 3s. 6d. or 14s. the whole series. Members 2s. 6d. or 10s. the whole series. First Lecture February 16: "Yoga & Health" (Part One). Applications for Tickets to the Secretary, 6 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3. Telephone SLOane 6967.

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